

JAMES MILTON RACER,
Editor and Publisher

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THE CITIZEN.

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A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

One dollar a year.

NO. 2

IDEAS.

Work alone gives value to rest.

The brave man is not afraid of being called a coward.

A hard head may go with a tender heart.—Rex's House.

Kicking in the church comes very near to cursing the Christ.

TAKE NOTICE.

The notices given for opening of the fall term of Berea College have been incorrect. Fall Term opens September 10.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Four violent earthquake shocks at Erian, Hungary, did considerable damage.

It is believed that the gold standard will be adopted by Mexico not later than January 1 next.

The Kings of Italy and Romania and President Loubet, of France, sent congratulations to King Peter of Serbia.

Plans have been arranged for a ship canal between the Frith of Forth, on the east of Scotland, and the river Clyde, to cost \$40,000,000.

Five cotton gins have been received at San Juan, Porto Rico, from the United States the first for 40 years. They will be put in operation at once.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

William A. Havemeyer, Chicago representative of the sugar trust, is dead.

At the Yale Law School New Haven, Conn., commencement the highest prize was taken by a negro and the highest honor by a Chinaman.

President Roosevelt has agreed to send to the Czar of Russia a petition begging that the condition of the Jews in Bessarabia in Russian territory be made bearable.

New York.—Over one thousand immigrants were landed at Ellis Island on Sunday. They came on the Patria and Furnessia, and were mostly from Italy and nearby countries.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who has come to this country from England to make another attempt to win the American yacht race cup, has been in Washington and lunched with President Roosevelt at the White House.

The New England Conference Tuesday began a two days' celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birthday of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Representatives are present from the Northern, Southern and Canadian branches of the Methodist church.

As the result of the Post-office investigation during the past week, Machen and the two Groffs have been indicted again; also Geo. E. Lorenz and wife for being "go-betweens." Ex-Representative Driggs for accepting a fee while a member of Congress, and J. V. Miller for paying Driggs.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Wolfe county oil lands are said to have advanced 50 per cent in price in the past ten days.

The Board of Works of Louisville ordered the construction of seventeen blocks of new streets, to cost \$80,000.

Lightning struck a church in Nicholas county, and several persons were injured in the panic which followed.

Church services were held at night in Jackson, Breathitt county, last Sunday for the first time in many months.

Warrior Wallin, a saloon-keeper at Crab Orchard, was found dead in his bed the other morning. The town was recently voted dry.

Riley Brook, who married Dora Clay, the child wife of Gen. Cassius M. Clay, was run down and killed by a train at Long View, Ill.

Gov. Beckham has set Friday, July 24, as the date for the executing of O'Brien and Whitney, the murderers of A. B. Chinn, at Lexington.

Welch & Bales, oil men, have purchased leases on 20,000 acres of land in Jackson county. Only the Standard Oil Co. holds more land in this county.

Rear Admiral Silas Wright Terry, who was appointed to the Annapolis Naval Academy from Kentucky in 1858, will soon visit his old home at Cadiz in Trigg county. He served with distinction in the Civil War, the Red river expedition and the war with Spain, and now commands the battleship Iowa.



Being the 128th year of our independence.

HONOR OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.

Article 4. The Battle of King's Mountain.

At the time of the Revolution the mountain region was already tracked by frontiersmen and hunters, who were the ancestors of many of our present mountain people. It is well to remember that Lexington, Kentucky, was named after Lexington, Mass., because at the time of its founding the news of the Revolutionary battle at Lexington, Mass., had found its way to this far-off frontier. It is well known that Daniel Boone and his brother Squire were camping in Madison county just before the outbreak of the Revolution. Boone's Fort stood on the Kentucky river at the northern boundary of what is now Madison county, and was a good specimen of the forts built by the settlers to protect their families from the Indians. In this fort he was actually besieged by the Indians, who were commanded by a British officer, and who summoned Boone and his friends to surrender in the name of King George. So that Madison county, Kentucky, may claim the honor of being the scene of one conflict in the Revolutionary War.

The mountain men in general fought for the independence of their country by fighting the Indians, for it was the policy of the British to stir up these savage forces to attack the Americans. The sufferings and the heroism of the frontiersmen of the mountains, whose settlements already extended along the western edge of the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, are a part of the noble annals of the Revolutionary War.

But aside from this warfare against the Indians, the mountaineers struck one of the most decisive blows which led to the final defeat of Cornwallis and the independence of America.

It has only been in somewhat recent years that historians have discovered the importance of the battle of King's Mountain. This was a battle fought by the mountaineers, in which they defeated the British army and drove Cornwallis toward Yorktown, where he finally surrendered.

The story has been told by a number of historians, and we can tell at this time only a few things about it, as they appear in President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." In the second volume, Chapter IX, is an account of the battle of King's Mountain, which occurred on the 7th of October, 1780.

It will be seen that this battle was a turning point in the war. The British had recaptured Georgia and reduced all South Carolina to submission and marched into the "Old North State" (North Carolina). Cornwallis had a force of British, Hessians, Tories and Indians. His two best officers were Tarleton and Ferguson. "Tarleton did his work with brutal ruthlessness; his men plundered and ravaged, maltreated prisoners, outraged women and hung without mercy all who were suspected of turning from the loyalist to the whig side. His victories were almost always followed by massacres. Ferguson, on the contrary, showed a generous heart, and treated the inhabitants of the country fairly well."

(Continued.)

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

Visits Paint Lick, Causing a loss of \$40,000. Supposed to be of incendiary origin.

Paint Lick, in the edge of Garrard county, was visited by a very destructive fire early Tuesday morning. Between two and three o'clock the rear of the store of B. A. Estridge was discovered to be on fire, but after using every means at hand four of the principal business buildings were in ashes.

The heaviest losers: W. C. Fish & Co., general store; B. A. Estridge, store, Peoples Bank; and Burnam & Rucker, grain and feed elevator. Besides these firms there were in the buildings a drug store, saddler shop, barbershop, telephone exchange and doctor's office. The total loss is estimated at from \$40,000 to \$45,000, while the insurance foots up to only about \$11,000. It was with extreme difficulty that the fire was kept from communicating to the dwellings in the rear of the burning stores.

The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin, as the rear of the building where the fire first caught seemed to have been saturated with coal oil. The scene Tuesday afternoon was one of desolation. Practically only two stores are left in the little village, those of Moore & Shank, and Jennings & Lackey. The future plans of those most interested have not yet been made public.

The Kentucky Chautauqua.

The seventeenth annual session of the Kentucky Chautauqua will be held at Woodland Park, Lexington, June 30 to July 10, inclusive. One of the best programs ever offered will be given. The detailed program will be mailed to any address upon application to Charles Scott, Business Manager, Lexington, Ky.

WE DONT SAY MUCH. OUR PRICES TALK!

Come, see and be convinced that your money will buy more and better goods at the Hustling Cash Store than elsewhere. In addition to our already complete stock of

Spring Dress Goods, White Goods, Gingham, etc.,

We are adding daily new things in

Lawns, All-over Embroideries, Laces, Ribbons, etc.

Ladies are especially invited to call and see them

SEE our beautiful line of Carpets, Mattings and Rugs. The largest assortment and best values shown in the city

SEE our line of Trunks, Telescopes and Valises

SEE our Men, Women and Children's Shoes at all prices, and the best you can buy for the money

SEE our Men and Boys' Wool, Fur and Straw Hats, in all the latest shapes at prices to suit all. If you want clothes that fit; if you want clothes that wear; if you want a suit for yourself or boy and want the

Best Clothing at the Lowest Price

DONT FAIL to inspect our stock before buying. Orders taken for tailor-made suits, and lit guaranteed. Only a look and you will be assured that we can save you money

LACKEY & HAMILTON

CORNER MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, RICHMOND, KY.

WE ARE BETTER PREPARED

THAN EVER TO

Repair or Paint Your Vehicle.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A FULL LINE OF

Buggies, Surries,

ROAD WAGONS AND FRAZIR CARTS.

Kentucky Carriage Works.

C. F. HIGGINS, Prop.



THE EYES OF MEN AND WOMEN are similar in all respects. Their condition and requirements when examined are generally very different. This is caused by difference in work and temperament.

GLASSES

to suit these conditions and requirements are made and supplied here. Tests made by skillful opticians with modern scientific instruments put us in possession of information which enables us to furnish just the right glasses. Glasses to suit the eyes. Prices to suit the pocket.

T. A. Robinson,

Optician and Jeweler

Main Street, Richmond, Ky.



It Doesn't Scare Folks to be told the truth about Lion Coffee

The scare-crow coffees are those that hide under a glazing of factory eggs, glue and such stuff. Lion Coffee is pure, wholesome, fragrant, rich in flavor and uniform in strength. The airtight, sealed package insures cleanliness, freshness and uniformity.

WE

If you are going to buy a

Carriage or Buggy

Make it pay you to trade with us.

Pay in dollars and cents.

Pay in satisfaction with the goods themselves.

If you are not satisfied with any thing you've bought, after you take it home, bring it back, and we will make it satisfactory.

We aim to please.

Our success so far shows we are doing it.

We're not satisfied with what we have done, we want to do more business.

We want to make it a pleasure to trade with us.

In all departments will be found goods to suit your wants at prices in keeping with the quality.

of any kind this season come and

see our stock, and we can supply

you. Weber wagons are still on

the move for they run right.

BICKNELL & EARLY.

If It's From Joplin's It's Good

A full line of FURNITURE always on hand.

We invite our Berea friends to make themselves at home at JOPLIN'S when in Richmond.

CARPETS and MATTINGS. UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY

Day Phone, 73. Night Phone, 47, 66. JO. S. JOPLIN, Richmond, Ky.

The East End Drug Store

Is Headquarters for all

Guaranteed Remedies for Summer Complaint, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Flux.

No Cure, no Pay.

L. M. PETTUS, Pharmacist

C. C. RHODUS, Proprietor.

HORSESHOEING

Until January 1, 1904

65c for new shoes all around Everything first-class

J. E. DALTON, Golden's old stand

East End Barber Shop

North of Printing Office

Shave 10c; Hair Cut 15c

Shampoo 15c

Razors sharpened 15c to 25c

R. B. DOE, Proprietor

Keep Cool during the hot weather by using a

GASOLINE STOVE.

\$3.50 Stoves, 2 burner . . . \$1.00

5.00 Stoves, 3 burner . . . 1.50

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R. H. CHRISMAN

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DIAMOND VALUES.

WHEN you put money in a diamond, it is like putting it in a savings bank, provided you buy it right. In addition to saving your money you get the satisfaction of wearing the stone. We have been giving the public genuine Diamond values for over thirty years. Write for free catalogue. IRON, GRADE & CO. Call when in the city. 404 W. Market, Louisville, Ky.

WHEN IN RICHMOND

Call at

Covington, Arnold & Bro.,

For Queensware, Glassware,

Crockery, Lamps, etc., etc.

MAIN STREET - RICHMOND, KY.



FIVE or six years ago, when the rain-making experiments were being conducted, first at Washington, afterward in Texas, my college chum and I became greatly interested in the subject.

We were then sophomores at E. Elementary chemistry was our regular course of study that year, and we spent most of the spring term experimenting on our own account and exploding a vast number of gas balloons.

The spring term closed on June 26, and all the boys went home, except my chum Jarvis and myself, who, in consequence of spending so much time experimenting, had been "conditioned," and had a week's hard work to make up in our Greek.

Rather than have it hanging over us all summer and into the next year, we agreed to do it at once and have done with it. Permission was accorded to us to go on living in our rooms at the hall, and the resident professor in Greek consented to give us an extra examination.

It was dreadfully hot during the last four days of June, but we rolled away with Greek grammar and lexicon, hoping to get home for the Fourth of July; and we should have done so, but our Greek professor ate too much cantaloup on the day set for the examination, and thought for 48 hours he had appendicitis.

It proved to be no such serious trouble, but it hindered our plans. The professor was not able to examine us till the afternoon of the third, so we could not possibly get home for the Fourth.

Jarvis was furious. "Confound cantaloup!" he grumbled. "And confound a professor that doesn't know better than to eat it! No use to start now. We couldn't get home!" he raged on. "I won't spend the Fourth in a railway car! Let's stay here and shake the old town up! Let's send up a balloon at midnight! We'll make it rain here tomorrow!"

Better an incendiary sentiment, the reader will say, but we had been shut up with Greek for six long, hot days. We had access to the laboratory in Chemistry hall, where we had our balloons, and generated the oxygen and hydrogen gas for exploding them.

There was a quantity of cotton cloth, paper and glue, which had not been used; and that evening we made a balloon ten feet in diameter, which we succeeded in charging, outside the window, with oxygen and hydrogen from the laboratory retorts, in the proportion of two to one, that being the formula by which the two gases unite to produce water—and a particular ear-splitting explosion.

We finished the balloon, and had the gas generated at a little past 11 o'clock; and then, after charging a large Leyden jar from the static electrical machine, we started out to astonish the quiet little town, and usher in the Fourth of July.

We had a large ball of strong Manila twine and a spool of small copper wire, the ends of which were attached for a spark at the base of the balloon.

We led our balloon, like a frisky colt, along the lane at the rear of the chemistry building, and out across the campus to the edge of the pine woods. Then we let it rise.

The night was very dark and still, but clouds had risen in the north and west, and there was a frequent glow of lightning in that quarter.

"There's a shower coming!" Jarvis exclaimed, as the balloon began its ascent. "We shall have to make haste."

But as yet there was not a breath of wind stirring; the balloon had risen and hung directly overhead, and was pulling hard at its restraining string.

We knew from past experience that when the electric spark acted on the two gases the explosion would be something tremendous; but we thought that at a height of 800 or 900 feet, out there by the woods, no damage would follow.

And perhaps none would have followed, if all had gone as we planned, but Jarvis had a great deal of trouble connecting the wires. He was

bothering with them for some minutes.

Then suddenly the first gust of the oncoming shower struck us.

What followed came quickly. The balloon swayed over before the wind. Down it bowed until the cord strung out far astant.

"Good gracious!" I cried, holding my breath. "She'll get away from me, Jarvis! Touch her off quick, or she will break away!"

In the darkness we could not see just where the balloon was, or what it was over.

But the next moment we saw! Jarvis had managed at last to connect the wires and touch off the balloon.

There came a sudden blaze and a tremendous detonation, as if the whole town had cracked clean down through the center of the earth! The shock bowled us both over, and we heard a crash of timbers following the report. The thing had exploded about 30 feet over the barn and shed of a worthy inhabitant of B., who lived near the hall grounds, and kept a lazy horse which he hired to the boys at such high prices that they had nicknamed him "Old Gripus."

"We've done it now!" gasped Jarvis, as he scrambled hastily to his feet. "That's Old Gripe's barn!"

But that was not the worst. Shreds of the burning paper and cloth from the balloon must have fallen among hay and straw, for even as we stood staring in that direction a bright flame shot up from the building.

The only thing left us now was to run to the house and shout: "Fire!" That we did with a vengeance, and soon roused the fire department; the new steam engine and two old hand "tubs" responded.

Through their united efforts, aided considerably by the shower which soon began to pour copiously, the old man's house was saved from the fire, but the barn and shed and an old luggy were consumed.

Jarvis and I were greatly worried, and, indeed, were on the verge of honorable confession of our act; but now, I am sorry to say, to our relief, we found that it was the unanimous opinion of every one, including the fire department and the owner himself, that the barn had been struck by lightning! For everybody in town had heard what they believed to be an awful clap of thunder!

Jarvis indulged me in the crowd, and we went home to talk it over. We had very little spare cash, and disliked exceedingly to go home, own up to such a prank, and try to get \$250 each from an unsympathetic father. "Chum," said Jarvis, with a downcast look, "this is a pretty low game. I know, but hadn't we better let well enough alone—for awhile, at least?"

It was a terrible temptation, and I have to confess that, after a great deal of mental agitation, we surrendered to it.

There was \$300 insurance on the barn, but the loss was estimated at \$500.

We never mentioned the matter to each other during our two remaining years in college, for we were far from rich; yet I knew by the way Jarvis would look at me once in awhile that he was thinking of it, and trying to discern how I felt.

But we said nothing. Directly after our graduation Jarvis went out to Hawaii, and I did not see him for three years; but we wrote every month or two.

I knew that we should have to settle for the damage before we could feel right; still, I did not like to open the subject to Jarvis, for I did not know exactly how he was situated. It transpired that he felt the same way about it as I did; but the sense of dishonor were him out first.

"I say, Jack," he added, as a postscript to his letter last New Year's day, "Gripe's old barn is pretty heavy on my conscience. Hadn't we better fix that up? In equity it will be a matter of \$390, interest and all, which we owe to the Phoenix company, and \$260 to Gripus; \$325 each. Hadn't we better do it?"



THE republic of the United States may be said to date from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Until this time the British colonies, rent and torn by internal jealousies, without a clearly recognized leader and having no treasury or mint, scarcely knew what they desired at the mother country.

A very obstinate king and a decidedly shortsighted prime minister denied the very reasonable demands made by the patriots. Two or three battles had been fought between the revolutionaries and royal troops, but a very strong and influential party within the colonies still believed that all differences might be harmoniously adjusted, and that the former status could be restored. In the number of representatives in the congress at Philadelphia were several members who had hoped for a change of heart in George III.

The declaration, when adopted, changed everything. As soon as it became the unanimous expression of the representatives of the people, who had full powers to act for their constituents, not a doubt was left in the minds of any. It was understood thenceforth that the war was to be one of subjugation, or that it should end in the independence of the colonies.

The subsequent events were secondary to this great and historic action on the part of the congress. The articles of confederation, the adoption of the federal constitution and the election of an executive head were necessary and logical results of the casting off of allegiance to Great Britain. The leaders in the movement, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock and the others, understood fully the gravity of the act. They knew that from the standpoint of the crown every representative who signed that document was guilty of treason and would be hanged for the offense. They knew that on the day of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence a nation was born, or that humiliation and degradation would be the lot of the participants in it.

These brave men did not act hastily. They had counted the cost. They had no precedent for action, and no encouragement of success from the pages of history. Similar struggles for release from tyrannical rule had resulted in the forging of iron chains. They lacked harmony in domestic affairs; they needed money, clothing for their troops and money to pay them their due. In effect they had no capital except a sense of the righteousness of their cause and an abiding faith in the loyalty of the colonists to the cause in which they had engaged.

The words "liberty," "independence" and "free" must have sounded strange in the ears of the people of Europe in that day. In Great Britain the press was muzzled effectively. The common people of the German states were scarcely more than slaves; Russia was a despotism; Italy was composed of a number of petty sovereignties, each vying with the other in crushing out the liberties of its subjects; Spain and Portugal had not heard the words before, save in derision. Poland was then engaged in a dying struggle against oppressors from without. France was in the mire of ignorance and tyranny.

Nowhere in all of the world could the framers and signers of the Declaration of Independence see the light of that liberty which they sought to give to their people. They were as people groping in the dark in a country that was strange to them. Yet nowhere in this immortal document is there a suggestion of doubt or fear. The justice of the cause is set forth in words that burn, and the determination of it is left confidently to the issues of battle.

The declaration is a great light rising out of infinite darkness. It was the first promise of a title of the people by the people, where no tyrants might be found, and where the highest distinction awaited the worthiest, without reference to the accident of birth or the power of wealth. It

was a new gospel of government, the like of which had not before entered the hearts of men as a gospel of peace and good will of non-aggression and of highest possible development for the individual man.

The Fourth of July, then, is the birthday of the great republic. All honor to the fathers who had the sublime courage to frame and to sign the declaration. From the hour of the signing of it liberty had a new name and a fresh existence. The acceptance of the document signed and sealed for all time the divine right of liberty of the person and of a people to govern themselves by laws of their own making. May the anniversary of it always be heralded with peace acclaim and by every outward manifestation of enthusiasm.

WILLIAM ROSSER COOPER.

THE INCREDIBLE FIFTH.



"I wish, dear, they'd never signed that declaration at all."

Harold's Ample Portion.

While shooting lightning firecrackers, say, Harold, isn't you glad when the Fourth comes around?

Harold: Pop lightning powder, Aunt Hilda! If I had my way, we'd have a Fourth of July every month.

ENTHUSIASTIC CELEBRATION.



Miss Oldgal: Yes, I refused him last Fourth of July and he got drunk and stayed drunk for nearly a week.

Miss Fyflap: Well, he carried the celebration to a greater extreme than I thought he would.

Had a Glorious Time.

"Well, sonny, did you have a good time on the Fourth?"

"Yes, I ever had. Our barn caught fire three times and a fireman broke his leg."



ONCE more I seem to hear the tread Of those who faced the foe in red, Heroes to Freedom born and bred, In ragged regimentals; The drums of Concord beat once more, The guns of Trenton flash and roar, And Marion sabers as of yore, Where stand the Continentals.

I WATCH the madly charging line Where shouts arise and bayonets shine About Columbia's earliest shrine; A tyrant's mandates scorching; Hurrah! hurrah! the field is won, And proudly in the soaring sun, Unfurled the flag of Washington, And greets the glorious morning.

I HEAR the bells that far away Proclaim the Nation's natal day, From mount to mount, from spray to spray, From hoofs to rushing river; The deeds of arms we proudly claim, They rest within the Hall of Fame, Their battles live, each noble name Our heritage forever!

UNFURL the flag they gave us when, In years ago, deep in the glen Fair Freedom heard the tramp of men In motley regimentals; Of men who to their anger spoke And at the torch of battle broke A tyrant's chain, a tyrant's yoke— The grand old Continentals!



A Sweet Tooth

Is responsible for many aches and pains. But whatever the cause of decay, it should be arrested and the Teeth put in good condition.

We clean, fill or extract teeth without pain to the patient. Our fine sets of teeth at \$5 made on zylonite or rubber are absolutely perfect. We guarantee them.

Teeth extracted 25 cents. The best amalgam filling 75 cents. Special accommodations for patients from a distance who write for appointments.

Dr. V. H. Hobson, Richmond, Ky.

Office next door to Post office.



SWIFT & CO., Patent Lawyers, Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

KEEP COOL!!

Lionel Dry Battery Fan



Always ready for use—only one cent per hour to operate. One set of Lionel Dry Batteries will run Fan for 48 hours.

10 inch Fan and 11 batteries complete, net \$15.00. 20 Batteries in box complete, net \$4.00. 30 Batteries only net \$3.75.

Herman C. Takl, Electrical Engineer, 204 W. Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky.

Catarth of the Stomach.

When the stomach is overloaded; when food is taken into it that fails to digest, it decays and inflames the mucous membrane, exposing the nerves, and causes the glands to secrete mucus, instead of the natural juices of digestion. This is called Catarth of the Stomach. For years I suffered with Catarth of the Stomach, caused by indigestion. Doctors and medicines failed to benefit me until I used Kodol dyspepsia cure.—J. R. Rhea, Coppell, Texas. Sold by East End Drug Co.

REPAIR THAT LOOM.

Berea College has secured a market for homespun and home woven goods, such as bed coverlets, linen, dress linsey, jeans, blankets, etc., at following prices:—

Coverlets, \$4 to \$6; Linen, 40 to 50 cents a yard; Dress Linsey, 50 cents a yard; Jeans, 60 cents a yard; Blankets, natural brown wool or bark dye, \$3 a pair.

White linsey and white blankets are not in demand only on orders. Coverlets must be 2 yards (72 inches) wide, and 2½ yards (90 inches) long. All dyes used must be old fashioned home-made dyes.

Any woman who wants to sell coverlets or homespun to Berea College should find out what the College wants before beginning to weave or spin. For information apply in person or by letter to

Mrs. Hettie W. Graham, Berea, Ky.

The Bess Worm Medicine.

H. P. Kumpke, Druggist, Leighton, Ala., writes: "One of my customers had a child, which was sick, and threw up all food, could retain nothing on its stomach. He bought one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, and it brought up 119 worms from the child. It's the best worm medicine in the world." White's Cream Vermifuge is also the child's tonic. It improves their digestion and assimilation of food, strengthens their nervous system and restores them to the health, vigor and elasticity of spirits natural to childhood. 25c at East End Drug Co.'s

MONUMENTS.

Urns, Headstones, Statuary, Granite, and Marble

Work of all kinds done in a workmanlike manner at reasonable prices and with dispatch. All work guaranteed by

GOLDEN & FLORA.

RICHMOND, Ky.

Corner of Main and Collins Streets

Just About Bedtime

Take a Little Early Riser—it will cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles. Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers are different from other pills. They do not gripe and break down the mucous membranes of the stomach, liver and bowels, but cure by gently arousing the secretions and giving strength to these organs. Sold by East End Drug Co.

DR. M. E. JONES,

Dentist

Office—Over Printing office

Office Days.—Wednesday to end of the week.

GARNET HOTEL.

Newly Fitted up, Meals, Board and Lodging at popular prices. Second at opposite Court House, Richmond, Ky.

R. G. ENGLE, Prop.

Reputable Features

Blackheads, pimples, greasy faces, muddy complexions, which are so common among women, especially girls at a certain age, destroying beauty, disfiguring and making repulsive features which would otherwise appear attractive and refined, indicate that the liver is out of order. An occasional dose of Herbine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50c at East End Drug Co.'s.



Without Harness

The best horse in the world is of little use.

With well made, perfect fitting harness on he becomes both useful and ornamental.

If style is desired our

\$10 BUGGY HARNESS

will fill the bill to a dot. It is light, handsome and very durable.

If strength is the main consideration our

\$20 TEAM HARNESS

will meet all requirements. Couldn't be stronger if it was all iron.

T. J. Moberly.

Richmond, Ky.

Cures Rheumatism.

Rev W. L. Riley, L. L. D., Cuba, New York, writes: "After fifteen days of excruciating pain from sciatic rheumatism, under various treatments, I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, the first application giving me first relief, and the second, entire relief. I can give it unqualified recommendation. 25c, 50, and \$1.00 at East End Drug Co.'s

OGG & CO.

GROCERIES and DRY GOODS.

Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty. Sole agent for Banner Cream Bread. OPPOSITE BURDETTE'S MILL.

The Home

JENNIE LESTER HILL, Editor

COTTAGE CHEESE.

To make good cottage cheese the milk should not be allowed to become too sour, but should be used when it first becomes thick. Heat the milk in the pan or crock in which it soured so as not to break the curd by pouring from one vessel to another. To set the vessel containing the milk in a pan of hot water or in a rather cool oven is a better way of heating than to set it directly upon the top of the stove. By placing upon the top of the stove the bottom of the milk becomes too hot before the top is heated at all. The milk should be heated to 110 degrees, if you have a thermometer to test it, or to a very little more than blood heat, if you must judge by the feel.

When it has been heated enough, pour into a strainer made of thin cloth and drain off all the whey. Turn into a dish and season with salt and a little pepper, if liked. Stir in enough sweet cream to moisten, and serve cold.

The cheese should be soft and creamy. It will be hard and tough if the milk is heated too long or too hot.

A pretty change may be made by adding less cream to the cheese, moistening it only enough to shape it into egg-shaped balls, and then pitting these in a nest of fresh lettuce leaves.

HOME MADE CHEESE.

Cheese is such a nourishing article of food and so easily made at home, now that rennet is put up in the convenient form of powder or tablets, that every one who can spare three gallons or more of milk occasionally ought to learn to make it. It is less trouble to make than butter, and is a most excellent summer substitute for meat, being very rich in muscle making food value. A cool spring house is an excellent place for ripening the cheese after making, but a cellar may be used. Potatoes should not be stored where cheese is ripening or the cheese loses flavor. Some of the finest and highest priced cheese is always ripened in a limestone cave.

In one of our cooking classes this last spring we made pressed cheese twice, and both were of superior quality. Next week we shall give the directions by which they were made. The small rennet tablets were used and they were obtained at Albert Koch's store, Bernstadt, Ky. They came in packages at fifteen cents each, and each package contains enough tablets to make up a thousand pounds of milk into cheese.

The School

JOHN WIRT DINGMORE, Editor

THE STORY AND THE STORY-TELLER.

By LUCINE FINCH, Chicago.

(Continued from last week.)

The child of six lives in a world of fancy. He is preeminently a poet in his fanciful creativity. The fairy-tale goes right to his heart, and in this real old world, where most things are on the purely utilitarian basis, and where we have to keep our feet on the earth, we need the shimmering wings of the fairy-tale to lift us far above and out of ourselves. Never fear! Life will be practical enough.

The fairy story is often the embodiment of some great truth, whose mystic symbolism may reach the inner ear of the child, if not when he is little, when he is big.

The rigorous way in which it rewards the good and punishes the evil must induce a balance of judgment in the child's mind.

Again, the story is the child's first glimpse into the splendid world of literature. It is his first literary influence and often develops his liking for either the good or the crude in literature. When we tell him a good story we are helping to form his taste for the best in literature in his later life.

The realistic and historical stories come at a later stage in the child's growth. The myths, so full of spiritual significance have even more subtle qualities than the fairy-tale, and so take the more developed mind to grasp their intrinsic value.

And the telling of the story is almost as important as the story itself. First of all, the story-teller must have a great fund of sympathy with her audience, and with her story. She must be dramatic in telling her story. It must mean a great vital thing to her, that will make her cheeks flush and her eyes shine with the varying humors of the story.

She must be natural and simple and yet animated and full of keen interest; and last, but oh, so far from least, she must select the essentials that are worth telling, avoiding detail that has no bearing upon the plot.

If she has all this within her she will be charming indeed, and we would all gather about her and sit quietly intent during any story she would choose to tell.

DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

(Continued from last week.)

List No. 2.

1—Same as last week	\$.28
2—Rolls at Work	.50
3—Seven Little Sisters	.50
4—Stepping Stones to Literature	
No. 2. Price about	.35
5—Open Sesame, No. 1.	.30
6—Robinson Crusoe	.25
7—Black Beauty	.25
8—Uncle Tom's Cabin	.25
9—Beautiful Joe	.25
10—Any one of Carpenter's Geographical Readers	.60
11—Easy Steps for Little Feet	.25
12—Seven American Classics	.50
13—Baldwin's Fairy Stories and Fables.	.35
10-13—Published by American Book Co., Cincinnati	
14—Little Nature Studies for Little People by Mary E. Burt. Pub. Ginn & Co. Price	.25
To this add a 4c song book or two published as No. 8 in list 1.	.08
	\$5.01

The list of good books is too long to be published in any one issue of THE CITIZEN, but I add a few that I can thoroughly recommend.

Swiss Family Robinson; Little Men, Little Women, Spinning Wheel Stories (Louisa Alcott); King of the Golden River (Ruskin); Eggleston's Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans; Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now; The Cye Readers; The Stickney Readers; Chillowee Boys; Carrots (Mrs. Molesworth); A Wonder Book (Hawthorne); Five Little Peppers; Wild Life Under the Equator (Paul du Chaillu); In Freedom's Cause (Henry); Kingsley's Greek Heroes; Toldie; Her Book, Her Daughter (Anna Chapin Ray); Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates; Laddie; Boys of '61 (Collins); Story of Patay, The Birds Xmas Carol (Kate Douglas Wiggin); Hosiery Schoolmaster (Eggleston); Derrick Sterling (Kirk Monroe); Boots and Saddles (Mrs. Custer); The Stories Mother Nature told her Children (Jane Andrews); Tale of Two Cities (Dickens); Ivanhoe (Walter Scott); Girls Who Became Famous (Sarah K. Bolton); Little Arthur's England; Anderson's Fairy Tales; Stories from Homer (A. J. Church); Play-ground Tom (Anna Chapin Ray); Tales from Shakespeare (Lamb).

But one must stop somewhere, and when any one library has half of these books I shall be glad to suggest more.

ELIZA H. YOCUM.

The Farm

SILAS CHEEVER MASON, Editor

How to Improve Mountain Farming.

The first of the series is by Mr. Early and is entitled:

RELATION OF THE FOREST TO THE FARM.

(Continued from last week.)

The most noticeable harm which a heavy water supply does is that of washing the soil. Where the woods have been cleared from the hill-tops and large upland fields exist, and the rainfall is heavy, there is nothing to break the rainfall nor to retard its erosive influence; it carries away large quantities of rich soil, leaving poor land which in such a state is washed and gullied so much that it can not be farmed with profit, and consequently is allowed to revert to its wild state.

The forests on these hills are the only thing by which the farmer can control his water supply. The forest growth breaks the fall of the water and the roots in their penetration of the soil allows freer percolation of the soil. This is the water supply which seeping slowly down through the ground feeds the springs and saves the corn when the hot dry days of summer come.

The trees not only on the hill tops but along the division fences and water courses not only serve moisture but are otherwise a source of wealth to the farm. They temper the winds of summer and winter; they afford a shelter for live stock; and they are the source of the fuel supply of the farm.

It is seldom that these forest covered hills are fit for the cultivation of any other crop, so in order to be thoroughly economical the farmer must keep them devoted to forest growth.

The forest grows to be cut and to be utilized. It is a crop to be harvested. It is a crop which if properly managed does not need to be replanted—it reproduces itself. But in order to do this all young growth must be zealously protected; fires should be carefully guarded against, and the grazing of livestock when such is necessary should be done by fencing off a portion of the wood land and allowing the young trees to become too large for browsing.

The woodlot is not only the guardian of the farm but it is a savings bank from which annually a large interest may be drawn. The woodlot does not require much attention. It is a means with which to improve the odds and ends of time especially during the winter when all other work is at a standstill. From a large woodlot is furnished to the farm all the material for repairs and fencing besides the fuel supply of the farm, saving to the farmer each year a large sum which very few farmers ever really take into consideration.

It is for those farmers who have a good growth of valuable young timber to protect it, it is not only a protection to their farms but it is a rich legacy which they as the present manager of the forest can leave to their children.

The Panama Canal Treaty

Is Expected to be ratified by the Colombian Within Ten Days.

Special to The Citizen.

Washington, D. C., June 30, 1903.—According to cable advices received by Dr. Harrao, the Colombian Minister, the prospects for ratification of the Panama canal treaty are decidedly more favorable than a short time ago. The Colombian Congress has assembled and organized. Several of the members who have heretofore been opposed to the treaty have signified their intention to vote for ratification. The opinion is expressed in the cablegrams that the treaty will be ratified within a week or ten days. Secretary Shaw of the United States treasury has intended for some time to go to Europe, but suddenly changed his mind, and this is believed to be due to the improved prospect for ratification. As soon as the treaty is ratified and copies exchanged it will be necessary to pay over \$50,000,000, \$10,000,000 to Colombia and \$40,000,000 to the Panama Canal Company. It is asserted at the Treasury Department that this entire sum can be paid without drawing on the reserve now deposited in the banks. The gold reserve is now over \$150,000,000, and as \$100,000,000 is regarded as ample for safety there will be no objection to paying the surplus for the canals.

Chesterfield and the Vails System.

It will be remembered that in the days of the great Lord Chesterfield vails in London had reached such a pitch that it cost a man of position 5 or 10 guineas merely to dine out. As he left the house he had to run the gauntlet of the butler and underbutlers and half a dozen footmen. One handed him his cane, one his hat, another his gloves, a fourth his coat, and so on, and so on, each expecting a crown in acknowledgment of his services. Lord Chesterfield saw that social intercourse was being ruined, called a meeting of the chief people in the world of fashion and got them to agree to give nothing to the servants when they dined out. It is true he was nearly lynched by a mob of irate footmen, but he carried his point.

It is said that at the present moment there is a tendency to revive the odious custom thus put down by Lord Chesterfield, and that the masher has begun to tip the men who put him into his great coat after dinner. If that is so, a clear case exists for a common agreement not to allow the infection to spread. Dining out would become a more intolerable burden than it is already if it also were complicated by the question, "What is the least I can give without looking mean?"—National Review.

What is Meant.

"They say they are selling out at cost."

"Yes—at the cost to the purchaser."

All things which are offered for veneration are venerated in this place of faith, where both native and European Christians become seized with what I am constrained to term a lithophilic mania, since they are seen to be constantly engaged in kissing enshrined stones of the most doubtful authenticity.—Fortnightly Review.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Glenn From the Teachings of All Denominations.

One of the most potent agencies employed by God for the spread of the gospel has been the testimony of Christian experience.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Power of the Christian.

Every Christian, by virtue of the indwelling Christ, professes to have a power that makes him superior to the winds and tides of life.—Rev. Dr. Goodell, Baptist, Brooklyn.

God's Intense Love.

Why should we fear when we have God's intense love? It is when we depart from the true teachings and holy word of Jesus Christ we ask, "Is life worth living?"—Rev. Dr. Robbins, Episcopalian, Albany, N. Y.

The Safest Thing.

One cannot live for character and fall. Purity is the safest thing in the world. As we keep our faces toward the ideals of life that we find in Jesus Christ we shall have victory over ourselves.—Rev. Dr. Swift, Methodist, Chicago.

Church Discipline.

The parent is responsible if he does not put forth proper effort to restrain his child. The church is censurable if it allows its members to violate the Sabbath or be profane or intemperate.—Rev. T. H. Acheson, Presbyterian, Denver.

The Ultimate Fact.

The character of Christ is the ultimate fact of Christianity. It is the central citadel of our faith. Who Jesus was and what he was are questions which have not lost their interest for mankind.—Rev. H. M. Sanders, Baptist, New York.

The Crowning Work of God.

God wants men, the state wants men—everybody likes men. Man is the crowning work of God. It has taken all these years to bring man up to this state of efficiency, providing him with a temporary home here. Think how he loved us!—Rev. F. A. Gray, Universalist, Nashua, N. H.

Working Through His Followers.

Christ is working through his followers. He has promised victory to the faithful and warned us against the burial of talents. God uses those who are counted worthy. He never offers a higher seat to those who are not worthy of a lower one.—Rev. Dr. William J. Holtzclaw, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Revelation Confirms Nature.

Christianity is the natural religion of man and is therefore in harmony with all the laws of his being and state. Nature confirms the revelation. Christianity is only nature's theology. All things are Christian by the right of eminent domain, filial reverence and response.—Bishop Hamilton, Methodist, San Francisco.

Advantages of Christianity.

Why is it that Christianity can give us some advantage over all that nature has been able to do before? Simply because it imparts a new nature. It is an organism, having a life of its own. And it develops a new type of character. What is it after all that governs your actions? Your sympathies.—Rev. A. C. Garrett, Episcopal Bishop of Dallas, Tex.

Dangers of Unbelief.

How is it possible to succeed in Christian work if we give way to unbelief? Our best efforts are limited, and our faith is limited in its operations because of the conflicting doubts which arise and disturb, irritate and weaken and cause to fail. The Divine Master was hindered in his work because the people did not believe. Do we not sometimes perform our religious duties as though we doubted their usefulness? The perfunctory performance of any duty bespeaks weakness and suggests failure.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

The Present Need.

It is a cheap sinfulness which neglects the present need for the hope of future redemption. What if there be aggrandizement of Mammon and reaction against any commercial success, as though thrift and industry were a high crime? Shall these unhealthy symptoms lead us to a useless and artificial religion and encourage a worse and bitter brand of atheistic socialism? Never should this be allowed, for, whatever our civilization's fabric, it comes from the loom of God or he is not sovereign of the past ages.—Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Growth of Christianity.

I do not believe there ever was a time, taking the country through, when more persons were churchgoers and church members than today. And yet there are people who daily insist the churches are going to the dogs, that religion is on the decline and that the world is plunging hopelessly to its destruction. The man who believes that is ignorant of the religious history of our country. Instead of that being true let me say that there never were such good times as these, and we ought all to thank God that we live in them.—Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, Baptist, New York.

Not Mysticism, but Mystery.

From the search for the inner secrets of nature and the movements of natural law no more remarkable manifestation of the intellectual activity of man has occurred than the quest for himself, because the unfolding of nature has revealed to man that he himself is but a portion of a plan infinitely vaster and greater than himself. It is this self seeking inspiration which is the peculiar intellectual effect of Christian teaching in the world. It is not mysticism, though it is a mystery. Its power is in and through an ever upward moving spiritual development which when it utterly loses itself completely finds itself in the fullness of the knowledge and the life of God. Its example and its dynamic inspiration is Jesus Christ.—Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle, Congregationalist, Chicago.

MEANS OF SUCCESS.

CHEERING WORDS BY LADY SOMERSET TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Noted Englishwoman Points Out Means of Success For the Crusade of the Twentieth Century—Drink's Evil Graphically Portrayed.

Lady Henry Somerset has this to say in the New York American regarding the twentieth century temperance crusade:

There has never been a time in which any battle for reform was fought when those who waged the war were not accused of hurting their own cause, when they were not told that instead of waiting for the community to come to their views and endeavoring to remove prejudice and ignorance by patient explanation and fair argument, by taking what they could get and leaving what they could not get, they were trying to replace common sense by zeal and that enthusiasm was getting the better of sagacity.

Such charges have been uniformly laid against the reformers of all ages, but I believe that in the end history shows that all popular movements must be led by those who fear nothing and who have nothing to gain.

Centuries ago it was Confucius who placed courage above wisdom and executive capacity and who said that a leader must be a man who is not only capable of forming plans, but fearless in executing.

For years we have been told that the temperance reformer is reform's worst enemy. But I believe that the work that has to be accomplished and that is being accomplished is the true stepping stone to success, and that work is to rouse the slumbering conscience of the nation.

In order to accomplish this we must demonstrate unflinchingly how great is the evil, unflinchingly reiterate how vast the responsibility the country bears that upholds so great a curse as the organized liquor traffic and unflinchingly demonstrate that the principles upon which it is based are opposed to the principles of Christianity that we profess.

Hitherto we have had splendid laborers who worked incessantly to create, but only now have we those who can in any way construct foundations upon which the real reformation can be built.

We now stand at the beginning of a new century, nearly a hundred and fifty years after the commencement of the battle for temperance in England, and must ask ourselves: "Why is it that today so little progress is made? Why are there so few signs of real reform?"

The reason is, I think, that while the nation has slept the enemy has sown tares, and these have taken deep root in our financial and political life.

We have today the humiliating spectacle of the fact that brewers practically hold the balance of power, and the organized influence of the liquor traffic throughout the country is the greatest menace to our political liberty, and we have no hope whatever of any real reform except as pressure shall be brought to bear from the country at large.

It is sometimes difficult to have patience with the willful ignorance in which people are contented to live—to know what the drink traffic means to children and yet to be obliged to listen to the miserable platitudes by which we are continually reminded that to interfere with the liberty of the individual is to do greater harm than to protect the children, whom we as a nation are pledged to care for, or that it is better to let little children be early polluted by the contamination of the saloon than to send older children there to whom it might be a great peril.

The futility and the absurdity of such arguments require no emphasis to those who realize what the evil really is with which we have to contend. Vividly there come to my mind pictures that time can never efface, instances of what the drink traffic is doing for the children of our country.

I remember especially in this connection a man and a woman who were both addicted to brutal drunkenness who lived in a miserable den where one sickly child dragged out its feeble existence until the pitiful angel of death took the little spirit into its arms and bore it away.

The besotted pair sat beside the dead body of their child and pleaded with a visitor for money to bury it. There was not a penny in the house. They obtained the necessary sum and ordered the coffin, and the undertaker came, and the little body was laid in the casket, and the parents went out to drink again.

Returning once more in a drunken frenzy, they looked about to see what they could lay hands on in order to obtain more drink, but there was nothing in that squalid room but the dead child in the coffin, and so with feverish hands they lifted out the still cold form, and, breaking up the coffin for firewood, they took it out and sold it for a few pennies in order to obtain more drink, and the child lay dead upon the bare floor until the officer of health came to interfere.

What mad delirium could ever possess a man and woman thus save that engendered by the fiend of strong drink? But such outrages committed on the dead produce no suffering. It is the violent savagery, the callous and heartless neglect inflicted on the living child, that is the outrage on our civilization, the curse that shall blight our prosperity, if we do not get together and drive back liquor, the worst enemy that ever opposed humanity and civilization.

All success, I say, to the twentieth century temperance crusade.



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Never fail to give satisfaction. Once a wearer, always a wearer. Try a pair and be convinced. We are sole agents for Madison county.

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...Agent...

Berea Kentucky.



Mrs. Laura S. Webb.

Vice-President Woman's Democratic Club of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell \$1 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

The Citizen

\$1 a year. 6 mos., 50c.

HE WILL NOT VACATE.

Judge Redwine Refuses to Leave Bench During Special Term.

Assassination of Cockrell and Cox, Burning of Ewen's Hotel and Other Arson Cases and Attempted Bribery Will Be Investigated.

Jackson, Ky., June 30.—Considerable surprise was created Monday by an announcement from Circuit Judge Redwine that he will not vacate the bench during the special term of court called for next week. The special term was called in order that a special grand jury might investigate the assassination of Jim Cockrell and Dr. Cox, members of the Cockrell faction who were assassinated prior to the killing of Marconi. Dr. Cox was killed in April, 1902, and Cockrell in July of the same year. The assassin of Cockrell fired the shot from a room in the courthouse while Dr. Cox was killed as he passed a stable owned by Judge Harris.

The burning of B. J. Ewen's hotel and other cases of arson and the attempt to bribe Ewen to perjure himself during the trial of Jeff and White will also be probed at the special term.

Judge Redwine, in making his announcement, declared that the clamor from the outside for a special judge was entirely based on a misconception as to the extent of the situation. He said that he believed it to be his duty and to the best interests of justice that he remain on the bench and not throw the responsibility on the shoulders of some one else. It has been generally understood that Judge Redwine was requested by Gov. Beck to allow a trial judge to sit during the coming special term. A similar request made by the governor prior to the Jeff and White trial did not reach Judge Redwine until after the investigation was begun.

A prominent merchant who arrived in town Monday decided to announce his return home after the fashion favored by many Jackson residents when away are in exuberant spirits. He quipped his jest as he stepped off the train and was about to puncture the tires with a fountain of bullets. The quickness of the Jacksonville on the trigger was of no avail. A volley of the proudest gun and a quick and grabbed the gun before the merchant could shoot. The offender was taken before Police Judge Caldwell, who imposed a fine of \$25 and costs for carrying concealed and deadly weapons.

THE JURY SECURED.

Eight Witnesses Examined in the Knapp Murder Trial.

Hamilton, O., June 30.—Eight witnesses were examined Monday afternoon in the trial of Alfred A. Knapp for alleged wife murder. The jury was completed at 11:30 o'clock, and the statements of counsel occupied the session until noon. It is evident that the defense will try to upset the conclusions made to Mayor Bosch, the sheriff and police, as Lawyer Darby asserted in his opening speech that Knapp absolutely denied all knowledge of his wife's death, and would continue to do so regardless of any possible testimony by the state. The witnesses examined were Charles Bonfield, Edward A. King, Mrs. Charles Dattile, Mrs. McElroy, William Sterritt, Mrs. William Sterritt, Arthur Shellenbarger and Charles Millsbaugh. No new facts are brought out, but the identification of the body was established by Goddard and Klug, and it was proven that soon after his wife's disappearance, Knapp began to dispose of her goods and to tell people that she would never return. Millsbaugh, who saw Knapp with a wagon at the river, was on the stand when court closed.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

Candidates For the Naval Academy at Annapolis Passed.

Annapolis, Md., June 30.—The following candidates of the naval academy have passed their physical examinations and were sworn in as midshipmen:

A. J. Butt, Alabama; J. H. Klein, Jr., Ohio; H. B. Lehoucq, Louisiana; W. A. Lippate, Texas; H. W. McCormick, Florida; C. E. Montgomery, Kentucky; C. A. Jones, West Virginia; B. R. B. Lombard, Mississippi; P. H. McCrory, Arkansas.

A Family Tragedy.

Altoona, Pa., June 30.—John C. Laar, farmer, 75 years old, while temporarily insane, attacked his wife with a butcher knife while she was in bed. He stabbed her four times, inflicting fatal injuries. He then attacked his son Justin with an ax, but the son overpowered him after a struggle and took the weapon from him. The son ran from the house and informed neighbors. On returning he found that his father had hanged himself to a tree near the house. He was dead when cut down.

The Electrical Engineers.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 30.—The 20th convention of the American institute of electrical engineers opened Monday. In his annual address President C. F. Scott said the institute had increased 44 per cent in membership last year.

Refunding of Bonds to Cease.

Washington, June 30.—Notice was given that after July 31, 1902, no bonds will be refunded or redeemed for the refunding by the treasury department under the terms of department circular No. 51 of date of March 25, 1902.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Lieut. W. K. McCue, United States Army, in Trouble.

Chicago, June 30.—Lieut. William K. McCue, of the United States army, has disappeared with a charge of bigamy hanging over his head, and a deserted bride of two weeks mourns his absence and fears he has committed suicide. The bride was Miss Viola Simon, of San Francisco, who married him after a courtship of less than a fortnight. She is now in this city waiting for money with which to return to her father's house.

About the time the lieutenant was hiding his bride goodbye Monday morning and telling her that he would soon return a woman in Cincinnati, who says she is his wife, informed the chief of police there that he had contracted a bigamous marriage. She said her marriage took place while McCue was an enlisted soldier, stationed at Fort Thomas.

The exposure was brought on when Lieut. McCue asked his new father-in-law to send cards announcing the wedding to the woman in Cincinnati who now claims to be his wife. She has been living there under the name of Mrs. Westcott, and had corresponded regularly with McCue until 1900.

McCue and his bride arrived in Chicago nine days ago. She said Monday that he told her they were going to Fort Porter, N. Y., where his regiment had been assigned to duty.

Mrs. McCue said Monday night: "When my husband left Monday morning he said he was going to get his pay and transportation at army headquarters. I waited until noon and then went to see Gen. Bates. My husband had not been there, and then I feared the worst."

The deserted bride's father is Sigmund L. Simon, who has been cashier and bookkeeper in the sheriff's office in San Francisco for 25 years. Mr. Simon communicated with Chief of Police O'Neill Monday through the San Francisco chief, and arrangements are making to send Mrs. McCue to San Francisco Tuesday.

A few minutes before midnight Lieut. McCue returned, saying that he had spent the day at Fort Sheridan. The bride, in the meantime, had left the hotel and up to a late hour McCue had not been able to find her. He positively denies the charge of bigamy. After his return to the hotel Monday night Lieut. McCue was told the exact nature of the charge against him. He made the following statement:

"I never was married to Mrs. Westcott, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. My courtship with Mrs. McCue was not a hasty one. I met her in San Francisco before I went to the Philippines. I have a ten days extension of leave from Washington, which does not expire until July 1."

IN CASE OF THE POPE'S DEATH.

Two Regiments Are to Be Kept Ready to Proceed to Rome.

London, June 30.—Although the health of the pope is much improved, the Italian government, so as to be prepared for any eventuality, has ordered two regiments in the province to be kept ready to come to Rome and reinforce the garrison in the city, so that the authorities will have a sufficient force to maintain order and insure the liberty of the conclave should it become necessary to hold one. If the cardinals, as after the death of Pius IX., decide to meet at the Vatican, the government will surround the palace with a cordon of troops to prevent any attempt against the freedom of the conclave and also the removal of valuables from the Vatican during the interregnum, as was customary before 1870.

SECRETARY SHAW.

He Will Attend the 200th Anniversary of the Birth of John Wesley.

Washington, June 30.—Secretary Shaw left Washington Monday night for New York, and Tuesday proceeded to Middletown, Ct., to attend the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of John Wesley by the Wesleyan university in that city. It is understood the university will confer on the secretary the degree of LL.D. It is not likely that the secretary will return to Washington until after his family sails for Europe on July 4.

Young Corbett Won the Decision. Boston, June 30.—Young Corbett, of Denver, Col., champion feather weight of the world, won the decision over Jimmy Briggs, of this city, in their ten-round bout at the Criterion club Monday night.

Will Visit Lookout Mountain.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 30.—Senator M. A. Hanna Monday wired Lookout Inn to reserve apartments for him at the hotel on Saturday. He will spend the Sabbath there on route to Thomasville, Ga. It is understood.

Validity of Soldiers' Claims.

Havana, June 30.—The radical wing of the revolutionary veterans at Havana have petitioned congress for the immediate appointment of a congressional committee to pass on the validity of the soldiers' claims.

Machinists and Manufacturers.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 30.—The machinists and manufacturers Monday discussed in conference the compromise made for the coming year and set that all disputes except that of the 10 per cent advance in wages asked by the men.

Broke All Records.

Chester, O., June 30.—Lon Dillon Monday afternoon broke all records in a half mile wagon race, going the distance in 2:04. The race was at a meeting of the Gentlemen's Driving club at Glenville track.



A WAYSIDE SERMON.

Two Drunken Men on Sidewalk Show How People "Step Around" the Liquor Question.

A Youngstown (O.) paper relates a pitiable incident which marred the serenity and peace of a recent Sunday morning:

"As the throng of worshippers were on their way to a certain church, they were obliged to either walk round or to step over two drunken men prostrated at full length on the sidewalk."

The wording of the news paragraph is most significant, the might search long and find no more suggestive text. It classifies graphically the attitude of society towards the evil of intemperance—the individuals who "walk round" and those who "step over" its victims. The phraseology of the item seems to exclude the third class (who should have paused to lift the fallen men), perhaps because on this occasion, as on so many others, it had no representative.

The incident epitomizes the widespread tragedy that goes on day and night—the great highways of life strewn with the victims of the liquor traffic; the unfeeling procession, a well-defined class who make no pretense to "good Samaritanism," but who carelessly "step over" human wrecks, even using them as stepping-stones to their own success and wealth. Somewhat in the back-



WHISKY DID IT

ground, anxious to be concealed, and the throng who "walk round" the deplorable social evils, a great host, seeking circuitous routes in order to avoid that which might appeal to their sympathy or their judgment. In this crowd are the men who never permit themselves to look this great moral issue squarely in the face, the men who will not throw away their votes on a mere matter of principle, the men who consider it bad form to be known as outspoken advocates of total abstinence.

The utter futility of these efforts to dodge an unpleasant duty, is apparent. These startling, disquieting texts, these illustrated wayside sermons clutter themselves at every corner, facing one often on the threshold of one's home, not needing the grace of oratory to brand themselves on one's memory, but haunting day-dreams and night-dreams.

The only sure way to free oneself from the disturbing influence of a sermon is to eradicate the evil thing that necessitated its utterance. Never will the great vice, which defiles society today, be removed until men and women are equipped with a perfectly adjusted compass of Christian duty, whose magnetic needle of Christlike love shall guide them straight towards that evil which is destroying their brothers, regardless of the fact that it may guide them, as it did their Divine Maker, into places of hard, distasteful service.—Union Signal.

ITEMS OF INFORMATION.

A monument to the memory of Hale Johnson is to be erected by his friends to mark his grave at Newton, Ill.

Mr. Isaac Brandt, of Des Moines, Ia., is one of the pioneers in temperance work, having joined the Good Templars in 1836 and the Washingtonians in 1870.

The Unitarian Temperance society of the United States met at King's Chapel, Boston. The speakers united in denouncing the saloon as the chief cause of sin and misery in the world.

Mayor Broxton, of Bremerton, Wash., has notified the navy department that all saloons will be removed from the city and no more licenses issued. So the navy yard will remain at Bremerton.

Gen. Coronat, commander in chief of the French troops in Indo-China, is making special effort to suppress drunkenness among the soldiers. He expresses his regret that warnings concerning the serious effects of drinking habits upon the health are not heeded.

The British government has ordered an inquiry to be made into the working of the ration system in the army, at the present time and during the South African war. The investigation is expected to show whether the ration system is being properly administered, which is of moral and pecuniary benefit to the British soldiers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for July 5, 1902—Israel Asking for a King.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(1 Samuel 8:1-5)

1. And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel.

2. Now the name of his firstborn was Jotham, and the name of his second Abiah; they were judges in Beer-sheba.

3. And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after their own hearts, and perverted judgment.

4. Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah.

5. And said unto him: Behold thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

6. But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said: Give us a king to judge us. And Samuel prayed unto the Lord.

7. And the Lord said unto Samuel: Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them.

8. According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, where-with they have forsaken Me, and served other gods, so do they now unto thee.

9. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice, howbeit yet protest solemnly unto the Lord, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them.

10. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

11. GIBBEN TEXT.—Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only.—Sam. 10:7.

OF THE OF SCRIPTURE SECTION.

Moses foresees the kingdom. (Deut. 17:14-20) Israel in Samuel's time. (1 Sam. 8:1-5)

The demand for a king. (1 Sam. 8:1-5) Samuel, priests but accedes to Sam. 8:22

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Moses Foresees the Kingdom.—At the close of his long life Moses called the Israelites together and delivered to them the statutes and judgments by which they were to conduct their lives and the affairs of the nation in the land into which they were about to enter. In the course of these instructions Moses foretold that after the nation was well settled in its new home it would declare: "I will set a king over me, like as all the nations that are about me." When this turning point in the national life should occur, Moses went on to say, whatever the circumstances Israel was to make "him king whom the Lord thy God shall choose," and this king was to be a brother, that is an Israelite and not a foreigner. This king should not keep great stables of horses wherewith to make a great display, nor marry many wives who would turn his heart from his people and his God, nor gather together to ordinate riches, but he should write down a perfect copy of the law and should "read therein all the days of his life that he may learn to fear the Lord" and to obey implicitly "to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he, and his children, in the midst of Israel."

Israel in Samuel's Time.—Chapters 4 to 7 inclusive of 1 Samuel are largely occupied with the remarkable story of the loss and recovery of the ark of the covenant. The Jews as appears from the record, had come to neglect Jehovah and to follow after the worship of strange gods, called Baalim, and particularly of one called Ashtaroth. They did adhere to the true religion in a formal way, but even that adherence was superficial. The Philistines came against them. It is related that the Jews had the two wicked sons of the aged Eli bring the ark of the covenant into the field of battle, thinking that the emblem of Jehovah's care would save them from defeat. Not only did defeat come but even the ark was lost. However, it only brought plague and disaster to the cities of the Philistines. Restored finally to the Jews it was not until put into the keeping of one sanctified that it meant blessing for community or nation. This incident gave Samuel the opportunity to call back the Israelites to the fear of the true God, for which purpose the Israelites were assembled at Mizpah. The Philistines, fearing this great gathering was for the object of throwing off the Philistine yoke, precipitated matters and were defeated.

The Demand for a King.—Twenty years rolled by with Samuel still judge, though latterly exercising his powers through his two sons. These sons, like Eli's, did not follow in the upright ways of their father. So the Israelites complained of the misgovernment of justice. It occurred to them that the fault was in the system. Why not have a king instead of a judge? So they came to Samuel demanding a king on the ground of his age, of the wrong-doing of his sons, and because to have a king was the custom of all the other nations. We can only note very hastily that though displeased Samuel prayed to God over the matter. God showed Samuel that the Jews had not rejected Samuel but God. They had come to Samuel to have him name the king, so constituting Samuel the "power behind the throne." But they had not considered the righteousness of their demand, nor indeed the natural consequences. So upon God's command Samuel acceded to the cry for a king, but warned them that a human king was not only liable to failure, but would surely yield to the temptation to abuse the power intrusted to him.

Speak Points.

Stress makes strong. Prosperity often paralyzes piety. The restless are not likely to be successful.

God fights our foes without if we fight them within.

Corruption in the heart tarnishes the crown on the head.

The sun that bleaches sanctity whiter than alabaster.

The world needs a pure thought crusade more than one for pure food. The man who gives to advertise his charity has no charity worth advertising.—Ran's Horn

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WHEN CINDA SWEEPS.

When Cinda sweeps, with the lamp's clear beam,
Just mellowed by a shade of porcelain white,
Around her elegant head soft shadows stream.
Spun by the elixir of the night,
The moth, with silvery wings, come wa-
veling in.
The open door, through which some late
rill rose,
Pours fragrance rich, and all is calm and
fair.
When Cinda sweeps,
When Cinda takes, what odors as from
isles
Of love and elixir float upon the air,
And in the pantry, oh, what wafting
flies
Of creamy rolls and frosted tarts are
there!
A dream of far-off eastern light and
warmth
In some strange, wise, and bright her
cakes;
Some subtle atmosphere the kitchen fills
When Cinda sweeps.
When Cinda sweeps—Ah, me! The dismal
tale,
Is almost more than my poor pen can
tell.
The cloudy waves and furlows that do fall
About my ears, my spirits crush and
quell.
Poor Cinda drops his across right and
left
Distastefully, the Muse frowns blue and
weeping,
And weeping flies away to dry her eyes.
When Cinda sweeps,
—Hilla Whitely, in Good Housekeeping

The Trouble
on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDIE.
(Copyright 1904, by Francis Lyndie)

CHAPTER IV.
RECONCILING.

I were out the first day of Mac-
pherson's absence, sitting in the
shade of the ranch house, and mov-
ing only as the sun compelled. There
was healing in the thin, crisp air, and
I went to bed at nightfall to sleep
as I had not slept for months. On
the second day I ate like a famished
wolf, and the seven days began to
grow the sun, so familiar to the
ears of the consumptive, once more
I made the slow circuit of the ranch
house, hitching my chair in opposi-
tion to the sun, and the foothills
across the valley beckoned me. In the
heel of the afternoon, Andy came out
to peel the potatoes for supper, and
I inquired the distance to the back
oak hills.
"Mile and a half, 'r maybe two,"
said he, "there's a horse in the corral that
a sick man might ride."
"Andy took time to consider," I
thought, "there's old Blue-
nose, he's wind-busted, want to try
him?"
"Yes, if you can spare the time to
saddle him for me."
In five minutes the bronco was at
the door and the kindly desperado
leaped me bodily into the saddle.
"Reckon you can stick out?" said he.
"Guess so. Does he buck?"
"They all do, if you give 'em time
to study about it. Give him his head
and run him a mile 'r so, if you can
stand it. That'll take the fanny-buck-
ness out of him."
I did it, and being but a sorry
horseman, must have presented a
spectacle for gods and men in the
mad gallop across the valley. So far
from showing signs of exhaustion at
the outset, the bronco looked his
fave on the bit, swerved aside from
the slope of the hill which I had
counted upon as a speed reducer, and
was half way to the head of the valley
before I could get weight enough
on the stirrups to pull him down.
When he realized that I desired to
stop, he promptly shot me over his
head into a patch of sage-grass and
went his way without me. Where-
upon followed a series of maneuvers
looking to repossession, and at the
end of it the sun had gone down on
a luckless caballero four miles from
camp, too weary to walk, and unable
to recapture his mount.
I flung myself down under the lee
of a huge boulder and wondered if
the bronco would be considerate
enough to send some one after me by
going back to the ranch riderless. It
seemed doubtful. His final disap-
pearance had been over the hills to
the northwest. Into the midst of the
chance-weighing came—the best of
hinds on the crest above me, and
presently I saw the figure of a horse-
man silhouetted against the sky on
the hilltop. It was, Kilgore, and
while I looked he came down the
hill as a jog-trot. Fifty feet from
my boulder the pony stumbled, and
horse and man came down together.
Kilgore rose cursing, and kicked the
bronco in its feet.
"Name your ordinary hide! Can't
you let them ter' feet of your's
when you see a dog-hole? Now then,
what's the matter with you?"
The horse jerked its head free and
luped a few paces up the hill, stop-
ping presently with its muzzle to the
ground, pointing as a trained bird-
dog might. The range-rider stopped
to pull up a freshly driven stake and
read the marking thereon.
"X-16-2; that's some o' their
blame! Insigniarh! lingo, I reckon.
I'd like to git him in'at 'round the
neck o' the feller that's a-stakin' off
this yere rise. I'd show him what
his feel like to git 'thowed."
He hung the stake afar, and leav-
ing the bronco to its own devices,
sought and found the line of the
ditch, following it, and destroying
the engineer's landmarks for a good
half-mile. When he returned he
found me holding the pony, and went
again accordingly.
"Well, I'll be d-d-burned! Where
did you fall from, 's what I'd like to
know?"
"From the back of a certain ill-
conditioned beast named 'Bluenose.'
He pitched me off and ran away. I'm
too weak to walk; and you suppose
you could catch him for me?"

"Catch nothing! I'll show you a
trick worth two o' that. Jest lemme
boost you across this yere grass-
hopper o' mine and we'll ride and tie
—you do the ridin' and I'll do the
tyin'. Blame! If you hain't got your
saddle with you to git up out of a
sick-bed and make a stagger at ridin'
a cow-pony. Easy, now, o' Sway-
back; we're a-runnin' an ambulance
from this on."
Ordinarily, Kilgore was reticent
personified, but on the four-mile
jaunt to the valley-throat he talked
against time, and a very dull listener
could have seen the drift of it, which
was to bury the stake-pulling epi-
sode as deeply as possible. But I
would not let him go without his
warning.
"I saw you pull a lot of the land
company's stinks, Bart," I said, when
the ranch lights were in sight. "I'm
afraid you'll hear from it."
"What'll they do to me, d'ye reek-
on?"
"Nothing, I presume, because they
won't know who did it. But it'll
make trouble for the captain."
Kilgore plodded on in silence for a
full minute before he replied: "Reck-
on so? I'll be d-d-burned if they do
I'll go pull up some more in the
mornin' and even 'em up yonder to
his dog's camp. Blame! If I don't."
When we reached the ranch house
Macpherson had come home and was
about to start out in search of me.
I took my scolding like a goilly
schoolboy.
"You ought to be thumped," he
said, when I had been helped down.
"Haven't you a grain of sense left?"
"Plenty of it; it was the horse that
was lacking. I was all right as long
as he let me stay on."
"Oh, you were" with time sarcasm.
"Well, I suppose you're good for a
week in blankets to pay for it. I
knocked your good appetite silly,
didn't I?"
"Come in to supper and I'll show
you. I'm good for anything, from
pate de foie gras to boiled dog."
It was three full days, and I had
enjoyed myself into a state of coma,
before Macpherson would let me try
it again, and when he finally con-
sented we went together, ambulating
the length of his small kingdom and
passing only when the horses of the
settlement came in sight from the
bow of a low hill dominating the
clustered farmsteads and the engi-
neer's camp at Valley Head. I want-
ed to go on, but Macpherson shook his
head.
"No; you've had enough, and more
than enough, for one day. You for-
get that the nearest undertaker is
at the fort."
"I forget nothing. Give me that
glass."
When I had focused the field glass
he said: "What do you see?"
"I see the promise of a remarkably
beautiful sunset."
"Is that all?"
"No; I see a log cabin which I take
to be a schoolhouse. The door is
open, and there is some one stand-
ing on the step, a young woman, I
should say. I dropped the glass and
turned upon him quickly enough to
surprise the beatific eagerness in his
face.
"It's she," he said, rather sheepish-
ly; and then: "Do you really think
you could manage another mile, or
two and make out to get home
alive?"
I laughed. His wistfulness was
beautiful to behold. "I can do better
than that, I can find my way back
alone."
"And get thrown again, not much
you don't. Besides, I want you to
meet her."
"Do you? It's much better as it
stands. You can tell me all sorts of
affecting little fictions about her,
and I shan't be able to contradict
them."
"I wish you'd stop devilling me
long enough to say yes or no," he
growled.
For answer I led the way west-
ward at a double, and ten minutes
later we were climbing the school-
house knoll. The gallop had been
wrought out in silence, but while the
horses were breasting the hill, Mac-
pherson said: "Of course, you under-
stand that what I told you about the
—about the friends with Wykamp
must be as if it had never happened?"
"My dear boy! Was I born yester-
day? But you've seen her since,
haven't you?"
"No; I thought she would—I
thought perhaps it would be better
to let it age a little, you know."
Here was embarrassment made to
order, but I found comfort in the re-
flection that the chapter of ac-
cidents, helped out by a little tact-
ful design on my part, would doubt-
less give me an oppor-
tunity to efface myself after the in-
troduction.
Knowing Macpherson and his stert-
ing worth, and remembering the pro-
verbial blindness of lovers in gener-
al, I was prepared to criticize the
school-mistress as the facts might
warrant. But when she came to the
door to greet us, I went over to the
enemy, horse, foot and dragons. I
had pictured her as a young woman
of the altitudes, schooled in the in-
nuent little man-entangling arts of
the girl-graduate; a woman of the
broader world only by courtesy of a
high-school diploma; a young person
who would be careful to make the
distinction in pronouncing "rise" the
verb, and "rise" the noun, perhaps,
with a cheerful disregard for the
weightier solecisms. So ran the pre-
conception, and when she came out
to us the revulsion was sharp enough
to be painful. More beautiful women
than Winifred Sanborn there have
been, doubtless, but never another
more instantaneously lovable. She
was of the chastened Puritan type,
with a personality of grace rather
than of strength; a young woman
with a face and figure which might

have been a replica in flesh and
blood of the valmy-ey maiden in the
painted filly of Priscilla and John
Alden. Gentleness, and high-breed-
ing, and an idealized standard of
purity were hers by right of birth,
one would say, since the witness of
them was written large in every line
of the sweet face and in the un-
ashamed gaze of the steadfast eyes.
I remembered the unworthy sus-
picion which Macpherson had refused
to let me set in words, and did in-
stant and ample penance for its har-
boring. Whatever might prove to be
the windings of the labyrinth in
which she seemed to be involved with
Wykamp, this honest-eyed young
woman must be held blameless. In
thought, word and deed.
She made me welcome as Macpher-
son's friend with a touch of gentle
courtesy which carried me swiftly
back to a time and place where the
strenuous travail-spirit of the egotist
west was not.
"We are not quite strangers, are
we, Mr. Halcott?" she said, giving
me her hand in unaffected sincerity.
"Mr. Macpherson has told me much
about you. I hope the Torolito is
helping you."
"Thank you; it is, in a way—tem-
porarily, at least. But one would
need to be a very exacting invalid
not to be helped by the Torolito."
"I'm glad you like it," she re-
joined, in an uprush of gentle en-
thusiasm. "When I was a new-comer
I used to be awake nights listening
to the thunder of the river in the up-
per canyon, and longing to be up and
out with the solemn mountains and
the stream and the soft darkness. It
was the Happy Valley of Rossa-
over again; but they're going to spoil
it for us now."
"The land company, you mean?"
said I; and from this the talk went
easily to the threatened metamor-
phosis. At the end of it, I said: "If
I were rich enough I should be
tempted to try to buy them off. It's a
thousand pities to graft a truck-
farm upon such a shapely stock of
nature's growing."
"Isn't it?" she said.
Macpherson was growing restive.
"Don't you want to go inside and lie
down on one of the benches. Hal-
cott? I'll rest you for the ride back.
Wykamp's looking a bit fagged."
I smiled at his clumsy attempt to
dispose of me, and glanced at Miss
Sanborn. She was evidently bracing
herself for something trying but in-
evitable.
"If I get down I shall never get up
again," said I. "Now that we're this
near, I'm going to ride on to the end
of the valley. But me on the horse,
Angus, and wait for me; I'll pick you
up as I come back."
He did it, with palpable gratitude;
and so I rode on and left them.
Fifteen minutes later I repossessed
the schoolhouse; and not to mar
their leave-taking, waved my hand
to them and rode on down the val-
ley. Macpherson overtook me in the
second half-mile, and the gloom in
his face was absolutely portentous.
I charged it to my inconsiderate
haste, and made instant amends.
"Go along back to her, if you want
to; I told you I could find the way
home alone."
For five full minutes he did not re-
ply. Then the words came tumultu-
ously:
"That's the heart-breaking pity of
it, Jack! I can never go back to her,
do you understand?—never. For
heaven's sake, bear with me if you
can, old man; I shall go mad if I
don't talk about it. She says it's all
over between us; that we mustn't
meet again; that if I'm obstinate,
as I promised to be, she'll go as she
please. And she wouldn't tell me why.
God in Heaven! what have I done?"
"It's nothing you've done or left
unsaid, can't you see?—it's Wy-
kamp."
Macpherson assigned the engineer to
a place from which the theo-
logical assure us there is no escape.
"That's all right; his Creator may
send him there, but you're under
hounds not to."
The double quartette of pounding
hoofs beat out another mile of
silence, and then he broke out again.
"Damn it all, man, why don't you
say something?"
"I've been trying to think of some-
thing worth saying. Let's begin in
the beginning. Here is a very riddle
of a mystery with only two people
who can solve it. One of the two
won't talk; ergo, the other must be
made to. You were in Fort Cowan
the other day. May I inquire what
you did?"
"I located a placer prospect on the
line of the Glenlivet ditch, and made
ready to ask for an injunction if
Wykamp rans his survey across it."
"Good! But you also asked ques-
tions. Who knows anything about
Wykamp?"
"Nobody at the fort; he's from the
east."
"Who employs him?"
"The board of directors, I suppose.
He's the chief engineer of the com-
pany."
"Who are the directors?"
"He named the members of the
board."
"Lovatt's one of them, you say?"
"Yes."
"That's lucky for us. Can you
spare one of the boys to take a let-
ter to town for me?"
"Sure! What are you going to do?"
"I know Lovatt pretty well; he's
under obligations to me, in fact. I
shall ask him for a letter of intro-
duction to his chief engineer."
"What good will that do?"
"Much, let us hope. Armed with
my letter, I shall proceed to quarter
my ailing self upon Wykamp for a
day, a week, or a month."
"Well?"
"When I get through with him,
we shall know more than we do now."

"What if he won't talk?"
"He'll be made to. A few ~~days~~
ago you gave him a Dantean blessing,
and I told you that you are under
hounds to keep the peace. I'm not."
Macpherson lighted his pipe in mid
gallop and smoked upon it. At the
end of the reflective interval he said:
"I can't let you do it."
"Why?" I demanded.
"Because you're a sick man, and
my friend, I should never forgive
myself."
"Nonsense! If anything will serve
to keep me alive beyond the doctor's
reprieve of six weeks or so, it's a bit
of detective work which will keep me
from counting the days. So you see
the motive is selfish, after all."
"I see that you're the best friend
a poor devil ever had."
"Don't flatter yourself. Two hours
ago I should have let you wrestle
out of it as best you could."
"But now?"
"But now I have seen her; I'm her
champion and none of yours, my
dear boy. You're only an incident."
And then the undramatic truth
laughed out in a jest. "You can
thank your luck stars that I've one
foot safely in the grave. Otherwise
you might want to kill two men in-
stead of one."
I think the jest was thrown away
upon him. When I looked he was
staring steadily ahead, and I caught
but a phrase of his rejoinder.
"God be merciful to her and show
her the light of His countenance!"
He was repeating it softly, as one
who rides alone.
[To Be Continued.]

TELLTALE COINAGE.

How the Man Identified the King
Although Never Having Seen
Him Before.

Apart from photographs and en-
gravings, the faces of most rulers
are familiarized to us by their
images on the current coins of their
countries, says the Boston Trans-
cript. Female vanity is supposed
to have been the cause of preserving
Queen Victoria's girlish image on the
coins and postage stamps of England
until the last years of her reign, but
hers was almost a solitary exception
and the designers of coins generally
aim at producing pictures of the
heads of states on them as they
really are. At the commencement of
the present season, King Leopold
was in Belgium, and when striding
along the place there he entered, ac-
cording to his custom, into conver-
sation with the men working on it.
With one of these, whose accent
showed him to be a Belgian, he
spoke for a considerable time, and
when he had left the man turned to
his companions and said proudly:
"That is my king." "He seems an
old friend," said one of the other
workmen, jestingly. "No," said the
other, "I never saw him before."
"How do you know who he is, then?"
asked the other, who was manifest-
ly in doubt as to the truth of the
Belgian's statement; but his doubts
were quickly set at rest when the
man to whom the king had spoken
produced silently from his pocket
and held up for his observation a
Belgian franc bearing on it King
Leopold's counterfeited presentment.
A young Englishman who had been
repeatedly and unnecessarily annoyed
by the St. Malo custom house officials
made up his mind to get even with
them. The last time he had crossed
he had brought a ferret over with him,
and a minute or so before landing he
transferred the creature to a black
bag, which he carried with extreme
care, and an evident desire not to at-
tract attention. This immediately
fetched one of the donaniers, and he
swamped down on it with joyful alac-
rity. Our young Englishman pretend-
ed not to understand the official, until
the Frenchman made his meaning
clear by unmistakable signs. Then he
slowly and reluctantly unlocked the
bag. The donanier plunged in his
hand, and—but my pen (let me put it
down to my pen) refuses to adequately
describe the dramatic scene that en-
sued. Suffice it to say that the bare
recital of it was balm to my wounded
spirit. I only hope it was our friend
at the custom house who made the fer-
ret's acquaintance. Revenge is sweet.
—Continental Chit-Chat.

In Marie Antoinette's Pocket.
A historical relic of much interest
has just been discovered among the
archives of the department of the Seine.
This relic is a list of the articles found
in the pockets of the dress that the
ill-fated Marie Antoinette wore at her
execution. The articles were put to
public auction for the benefit of San-
son, the public executioner. The first
lot consisted of a small pocketbook
in green morocco, containing a pair
of pinners, a small corker, a pair
of scissors, a comb and a tiny pocket
looking glass. The second lot was
made up of three little portraits in
green morocco cases, one of them be-
ing surrounded by a metal frame. The
two lots fetched a total of 10f. 50c.—
Irish Times.

French Proverbs.
The first and worst of all frauds is
to cheat one's self.
To be happy one must have nothing
to forget.
The slave is not she who is sold,
but she who gives herself.
A good intention makes but a short
ladder.
Happy is he who is not obliged to
sacrifice anyone to duty.
For all misfortunes there are two
remedies—time and silence.
Indifference is the heart sleeping.
The greatest and strongest, above
all the cleverest man is he who knows
how to wait.
The sorrow of to-day makes the
happiness of to-morrow.—Detroit
Free Press.

BEGINS WAR ON MOSQUITOES.

Sheephead Bay Officials Prepare to
Exterminate Insects with
Doses of Kerosene.

Mosquitoes hovering near windows
of Sheephead Bay club heard city offi-
cials and eminent scientists planning
to destroy them with kerosene cock-
tails and petroleum rickys. The func-
tion at which the officials of the world
of science met was called a "mosquito
luncheon," and was given under the
auspices of William C. Whitney. On
account of an engagement in Bronx
Mr. Whitney was unable to be present,
but was represented by Henry T. Mac-
Donagh, who outlined the work of
campaign. By the time the conference
was over it was evident there was no
valid excuse for the existence of the
mosquito and that its days were num-
bered.
If there remained any doubt in the
minds of those present, a walk
through the acres of swamps drained
by Henry Clay Weeks, an engineer of
economics, demonstrated that the in-
sects had no place within a quarter of
a mile of Sheephead Bay in which to
bring up their families.
This movement against the enfe-
man was started by Mr. Whitney, who
has a summer home which overlooks
the great Futurity track. When the
millionaire's acres were freed from
the breeding places of the pestiferous
tribe, Mr. Whitney contributed sever-
al thousand dollars to the general de-
fense fund.

CLAIMS TO RESTORE LIFE.
Dr. Robert Kemp by System of Mas-
sage Helps Dead Dogs Back
to Life Again.
Raising an interesting question as
to when life in animals actually be-
comes extinct, Dr. Robert T. Kemp,
who has been conducting experiments
at New York, for two years, has found
it possible to restore a dog to life
after its heart had stopped beating for
15 minutes. After an examination by
surgeons the animal was officially pro-
nounced dead, yet Dr. Kemp, by mass-
aging its heart, so far brought it back
to life that it lived 24 hours, and
meanwhile it was so far restored to
the use of its faculties that it ate and
drank and performed its usual func-
tions.
In 11 out of 23 experiments of this
character Dr. Kemp has succeeded in
"restoring dogs to life," and he is con-
vinced that in the case of human be-
ings under similar conditions the pro-
portion of restorations would be far
greater.
In the case of the dogs he ascribes
their death, after an interval of from
two or three to 24 hours, not to fail-
ure of his treatment, for that has ap-
parently been successful, but to the
fact that the dogs could not be pre-
vented from tearing away the band-
ages with which their wounds were
bound up.
Only one such experiment has been
tried on a human being, and in that
case it was not successful.
Kaiser Believes in Love.
"My sons will only marry women
they love," Emperor William is report-
ed to have said lately. "They will not
marry to please the diplomats nor to
satisfy the exigencies of politics. I be-
lieve firmly that, like every other indi-
vidual, they have the right to choose
freely their wives, for it is an alliance
for life, and their personal happiness
is more precious than a momentary
phase of statecraft."

Cannot Make Ends "Meet."
The vegetarians are going to found a
colony in Arkansas. How can such a
colony, says the Chicago Record-Her-
ald, expect to make both ends meet?

I have practiced medicine for 36
years and have consulted the leading
physicians in this country in regard
to remedy for Dyspepsia but have
never been able to find anything that
would effect a cure until I used Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure. I have suffered
with stomach trouble for years. Could
not eat anything but milk toast for
months, but since I used Kodol I can
eat anything and feel that my health
is better than it ever was in my life.
I cannot say enough for Kodol for it
has saved my life and I know that it
will cure any case of Dyspepsia if
taken as directed.—M. D. Settle, M.
D., Big Hill, Ky. East End Drug Co.

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pepsia Cure is the one great medicine
that enables the stomach and diges-
tive organs to digest, assimilate and
transform all foods into the kind of
blood that nourishes the nerves and
feeds the tissues. Kodol lays the
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the rest. Indigestion, Dyspepsia,
and all disorders of the stomach and
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writes: "I have used Herbine for a
number of years, and can cheerfully
recommend it as the most perfect
liver medicine, and the greatest blood
purifier. It is a medicine of positive
merit, and fully accomplishes all that
is claimed for it." Malaria can not
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the liver is in perfect order, for one
of its functions is to prevent the
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ing from an inactive or sluggish liver.
DeWitt's Little Early Risers are un-
equalled.
They act promptly and never gripe.
They are so dainty that it is a pleasure
to take them. One to two act as a
mild laxative; two or four act as a
pleasant and effective cathartic. They
are purely vegetable and absolutely
harmless. They tonic the liver.
YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY TWO.
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Watch and clock repairing are the
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Take all your troubles to him
Work guaranteed

SOUNDS A KEY-NOTE.

President Ford's Speech Before Commercial Convention.

KENTUCKY MUST FORGE TO FRONT.

World's Fair at St. Louis Next Year Offers the State the Opportunity of a Century to Show All the People of the Earth What She Really Is.

During the recent State Commercial convention held in Louisville, one session was devoted exclusively to the work being done by the Kentucky Exhibit Association for adequate representation of the state at the World's Fair in St. Louis. The speech delivered by the President of the Association, Mr. A. Y. Ford, managing editor of the Courier-Journal, was "so full of eloquent facts, so eloquently spoken," as Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge expressed it later in the evening, that we have decided to give it to our readers. In part it is as follows:

The movement for a creditable representation of Kentucky at the great World's Fair, which is to mark the Centenary of the Purchase of the Louisiana Territory, appeals both to business interest and to patriotic sentiment.

It appeals to business interests, because no community more than Kentucky needs to have itself properly advertised to the world, not only for the correction of that false reputation into which it has been brought by persistent and long-continued misrepresentation, but because, at this particular juncture in the material development of the country, it finds an unusual opportunity and a pressing necessity to demonstrate to the world of capital and of home-seekers the superior advantages which it offers as an undeveloped State, in which all the essentials of profitable development are to be found.

It appeals to sentiment, because the Kentuckian's characteristic pride in the achievements of the founders of the Commonwealth can find in all the long, illustrious story nothing more fit to inspire it than the part which the men of this State have played in that marvelous national drama of expansion, of which the Louisiana Purchase was a part.

How could Kentucky forego her claim to a share in the glories of a nation at whose birth into the Union she stood sponsor, created a part of this household of ill-



A. Y. FORD,
President of the Kentucky Exhibit Association.

erty through her instrumentality, peopled largely by her sons, bound to her by the tenderest ties of blood and interest—all in all one of the very richest of the jewels in her crown of Stateshood.

But perhaps it is more in keeping with the spirit of an occasion like this to put sentiment to the rear and business considerations to the fore. We hold that Kentucky should be at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Because it has suffered inestimable injury from malicious misrepresentation; because it needs to be advertised to the world by something else besides its mountain fairs and its winter parties;

Because it has been caricatured too long in the general idea formed of it and deserves to be taken seriously. We like a joke all right, but we don't want it rubbed in too hard;

Because it is an undeveloped State, needing the good-will of investors and home-seekers and having that to offer them that will endure and repay investigation;

Because now in the time of times for putting ourselves right and keeping our selves right before the business world, while this tremendous tide of material development is at its flood and men are seeking on every hand for profitable fields of activity;

Because, through ignorance of our own resources or indifference to them, through lack of enterprise in presenting information about them to those who seek it, we have suffered ourselves to be outstripped as an industrial community by states that could not compare with us in natural advantages.

I know of no State that stands more in need of a protest in the name of truth than Kentucky. I know of no State that has been more persistently and unjustly maligned than Kentucky. I know of no State that has more unquenchably endured such misrepresentation, recklessly giving ground on occasion for it and careless of its opportunities for displaying its better side.

I am not an apologist for that which is wrong with us, and there is much in present conditions for which we should frankly take shame to ourselves, but the very existence of such things but emphasizes the necessity that we should be up and doing in the cause of our own redemption, to the end that these early glories of the State of which we boast so much may not be dimmed and derided or its future hampered by our duty. No community more than an individual should be oversensitive to just criticism, but unchecked misrepresentation, long enough continued, makes reputation and it has made for us a reputation that has formed a barrier to the proper development of the State. It is a thing to be denied and rebuked with earnestness and dignity at every opportunity, not only as a matter of State pride but as a matter of State welfare.

In all the long roll-call of States not one more important State will be mislaid, not one that can lay any claim to rank as an enterprising Commonwealth. Not one whose growth in wealth and population attests its energy and progressive spirit. There will be aligned the States that stand for progress, for enlightenment, for education, for leadership.

Shall Kentucky eliminate herself from such a company and say to the world that we not only repudiate the work our fathers

did in the cause of national expansion, but that we do not care to be ranked among the enterprising States, that we are wedded to our hills and only want the luxury of standing out of our sunlight and let us alone with our mountain fairs, our political quarrels, our undeveloped wealth? That we don't want to be disturbed by the screech of factory whistles, that we don't want locomotives tearing our horses; that we don't want factories spreading soot over the landscape; that we'll keep our coal and our iron and our lead and zinc and fluor spar and our copper and our oil and our gas and our timber and our fruit and our furs and our light and our heat and our power and our money in the ground? What do we care if men with money to invest pass us by for more hospitable States? What do we want with new population? It might complicate the political situation. What more have we for electric traction lines? We've got one or two and the old carry-all will do for a while longer with a new spoke or two and an extra wrap on the shaft, when the roads are not too bad. Men of Kentucky, that is the verdict that our indifference to this opportunity would both invite and justify, and it is a verdict that would tell the State and its people. We have a few mossbacks yet, for I don't know there were even those fusties in the garden of Eden. We have people left who are comfortable only when joking along in the well-worn ruts.

A reasonable State pride is well enough, but a State pride that does not express itself in cumulative deeds is a hybrid thing, mere flourish and strut and silly pretense, gaining nothing but ridicule, and I fear that with some of our good people State pride has ossified into mere self-conceit. With the conviction that whatever is all right and that any suggestion of improvement is a suggestion of disloyalty.

And yet there is work to be done. For Kentucky is an undeveloped State with rich resources, and whatever state it is in the development of those resources—whether it be in the hands of the State or whether it be in the hands of the people and whether it be in the hands of the State or whether it be in the hands of the people and whether it be in the hands of the State or whether it be in the hands of the people—must be swept aside.

With the largest known area of coking coal in the world, we produce only four-tenths of one per cent. of all the coke produced in the United States and, though we are rapidly increasing our production, we yet rank only ninth as a coke producer, being in this respect outranked even by Massachusetts, which has no coking coal at all, but must bring it all from Nova Scotia.

With practically the same coal area as West Virginia, we produce only one-fourth as much coal. With twice the coal area of Alabama, we mine annually only about one-half as much coal.

With splendid timber on our very doors, we send it North to be made into furniture and other articles and be shipped back to us.

With a splendid stock raising country about us, the annual product of our butchereries and meat packing establishments is little more than one-tenth that of Indiana.

With vast fields of natural oil, we are only just beginning to develop them and have as yet not a single petroleum refinery in the State.

With a large part of our State so thickly populated as to invite the construction of interurban traction lines, we have only three such lines in operation, with a total of less than 40 miles of track, while our neighboring State of Indiana is already a network of interurban lines.

With twenty-eight counties wholly untouched by steam railways and others that are barely skirted by them, we built only 152 miles of railway from 1890 to 1900 and in 1901 only 33 miles, though the total new construction in the South in the decade was 1,539 miles, and in the United States 4,453 miles.

With vast deposits of iron ore, we have declined as a producer of pig iron, and in 1901 produced only a pitiful 28,000 tons, against Alabama's more than 1,284,000 tons. Yet twenty years ago the iron ore in our rank in the past ten years, having stood only sixteenth in 1890. In spite of the natural resources and advantages that should make us a great iron and steel State, we are out-ranked by such States as Maryland, Indiana and New Jersey, which we do not compare with us in such advantages.

In iron and steel manufactures, though our actual output has increased, our rank among the States has declined from seventh in 1870 to eleventh in 1880 and thirteenth in 1901, though we have supported our rank in the past ten years, having stood only sixteenth in 1890. In spite of the natural resources and advantages that should make us a great iron and steel State, we are out-ranked by such States as Maryland, Indiana and New Jersey, which we do not compare with us in such advantages.

With vast deposits of the finest clays, whose value is becoming known to the trade and which we are at last, especially in Eastern Kentucky, beginning to appreciate and to develop, we still rank no better than fourteenth as a producer of clay products. Our improvement is shown by the fact that we ranked only twenty-second in 1880.

After having been all this time in ignorance of the fact that we had valuable deposits of lead and zinc and fluor spar, we are just beginning the profitable development of these deposits—material that the commercial world needs and will pay a good price for.

With all the facilities and advantages that invite profitable manufacturing we have only within the past few years begun to make real progress as a manufacturing State. In all the essentials of abundant and accessible raw materials, cheap and inexhaustible fuel, splendid transportation facilities, nearness to great markets, being within a short distance of the center of population, cheap and intelligent labor, almost favorable climate, we yet rank only eighteenth as a manufacturing State.

I cite these facts in no spirit of dejection, but in support of my statement that Kentucky is an undeveloped State. I cite them in no spirit of discouragement, but rather to indicate the splendid field in which we have to labor and the possible results that wait only upon our will. I cite them in no spirit of dogmatism to the State we love, but rather because I would see it make greater haste toward that goal of material prosperity that is so easily within its reach.

I do not believe that I overestimate either the value of this Exposition as a place for exploiting our State, or the necessity of this advertising it. In this I am vindicated by the judgment of many Kentucky firms, which will spend thousands of dollars to exhibit to advertise their own enterprise. I am vindicated also by the fact that every civilized nation on earth is preparing to be represented and that Florida seems likely to be the only one of all our own States and territories that is not alive to the opportunity. You will observe that I am counting Kentucky in the list of progressives, for Kentucky must be there. It is to be the largest World's Fair yet attempted, covering nearly twice the area of the Chicago World's Fair, and backed by nearly \$200,000,000 of capital. Conditions lay upon Kentucky the most urgent injunction to make the most of the opportunity here afforded to put before the world in a practical way to demonstrate its own enterprise, and by every possible means of information the commercial value of Kentucky's resources and its advantages as a location for commercial and industrial enterprises.

W. T. Kane of Palisburg is arranging an exhibit of Angora goat fleeces for the Kentucky display. He writes that he can furnish alfalfa grown 1,200 feet above the sea level.

The World's Men of Mighty Purpose

Inspiring Words on the Final Triumph of Truth, Right and Justice

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's

THE reformers of the world are its men of mighty purpose. They are men with the courage of individual conviction, men who dare run counter to the criticism of inferiors, men who voluntarily bear crosses for what they accept as right, even without the guarantee of a crown. They are men who gladly go down into the depths of silence, darkness and oblivion, but only to emerge like divers—with pearls in their hands.

He who labors untiringly toward the attainment of some noble aim, with eyes fixed on the star of some mighty purpose, as the magi followed the star in the east, is a reformer. He who is loyal to the inspiration of some great religious thought and with strong hand leads work, trembling steps of faith into the glory of certainty is a reformer. He who follows the thin thread of some revelation of nature in any of the sciences, follows it in the spirit of truth through a maze of doubt, hope, experiment and questioning, till the tiny guiding thread grows stronger and firmer to his touch, leading him to some wondrous illumination of nature's law, is a reformer.

He who goes up alone into the mountains of truth and, glowing with the radiance of some mighty revelation, returns to force the hurrying world to listen to his story is a reformer.

Whoever seeks to work out for himself his destiny, the life work that all his nature tells him should be his, bravely, calmly and with due consideration of the rights of others and his duties to them, is a reformer.

These men who renounce the commonplace and conventional for higher things are reformers because they are striving to bring about new conditions. They are consecrating their lives to ideals. They are the brave, aggressive vanguard of progress. They are men who can stand a siege, who can take long forced marches without a murmur, who set their teeth and bow their heads as they light their way through the smoke, who smile at the trials and privations that dare to daunt them. They care naught for the hardships and perils of the fight, for they are ever inspired by the dog of triumph that seems already waving on the citadel of their hopes.

When Nature decides on any man as a reformer, she whispers to him his great message; she places in his hand the staff of courage; she wraps around him the robes of patience and self-reliance and starts him on his way. Then, in order that he may have strength to live through it all, she mercifully cuts him back for a moment and makes him an optimist.

The way of the reformer is hard, very hard. The world knows little of it, for it is rare that the reformer reveals the scars of conflict, the pangs of hope deferred, the mighty waves of despair that wash over a great purpose. Sometimes men of sincere aim and unselfish high ambition, weary and worn with the struggle, have permitted the world to hear an uncontrolled sob of hopelessness or a word of momentary bitterness at the seeming emptiness of all effort.

But men of great purpose and noble ideals must know that the path of the reformer is loneliness. They must live from within rather than in dependence on sources of help from without. Their mission, their exalted aim, their supreme object in living, which focuses all their energy, must be their source of strength and inspiration.

The reformer must ever light the torch of his own inspiration. His own hand must ever guard the sacred flame as he moves steadily forward on his lonely way.

The reformer in morals, in education, in religion, in sociology, in invention, in philosophy, in any line of aspiration, is ever a pioneer. His privilege is to blaze the path for others, to mark at his peril a road that others may follow in safety. He must not expect that the way will be graded and asphalted for him; he must realize that he must face injustice, ingratitude, opposition, misunderstanding, the cruel criticism of contemporaries and often, hardest of all, the wondering reproach of those who love him best.

He must not expect the tortoise to sympathize with the flight of the eagle. A great purpose is ever an isolation. Should a soldier leading the forlorn hope complain that the army is not abreast of him? The glorious opportunity before him should so inspire him, so absorb him, that he will care naught for the army except to know that if he lead as he should and do that which the crisis demands, the army must follow.

The reformer must realize without a trace of bitterness that the busy world cares little for his struggles; it cares only to joy in his final triumph; it will share his feast, but not his fasts. Christ was alone in Gethsemane, but at the sermon in the wilderness, where food was provided, the attendance was 4,000.

The world is honest enough in its attitude. It takes time for the world to realize, to accept and to assimilate a large truth. Since the dawn of history the great conservative spirit of every age, that ballast that keeps the world in poise, makes the slow acceptance of great truths an essential for its safety. It wisely requires proof, clear, abso-

lute, undeniable attestation, before it fully accepts. Sometimes the perfect enlightenment takes years, sometimes generations. It is but the safeguard of truth. Time is the supreme test, the final court of appeals that winnows out the chaff of false claims, pretended revelation, empty boast and idle dreams. Time is the touchstone that finally reveals all true gold. The process is slow, and the fate of the world's geniuses and reformers in the balance of contemporary criticism should have a sweetness of consolation rather than the bitterness of cynicism.

If the greatest leaders of the world have had to wait for recognition, should we, whose best work may be but trifling in comparison with theirs, expect instant sympathy, appreciation and co-operation where we are merely growing toward our own attainment?

The world ever says to its leaders, by its attitude if not in words, "If you would lead us to higher realms of thought, to purer ideals of life, and flash before us like the handwriting on the wall all the possible glories of development, you must pay the price for it, not we." The world says in practice if not in words: "Give us a new faith, and we will prostrate ourselves in the dust; give us a new philosophy, a marvelous revelation, a higher conception of life and morality, and we may pass you by, but posterity will pay for it. Send your messages to O. D., and posterity will settle for them. You ask for bread; posterity will give you a stone—called a monument."

The world is impartial in its methods. It says ever, "You may suffer now, but we will give you later fame." Posthumous fame means that the individual may shiver with cold, but his grandchildren will get for lined ulsters; the individual plants acorns, his posterity sells the oaks. Posthumous fame or recognition is a check made out to the individual, but payable only to his heirs.

The world says with a large airy sweep of the hand, "The opposition to progress is all in the past; the great reformer or the great genius is recognized today." No, in the past they tried to kill a great truth by opposition. Now we gently seek to smother it by making it a fad.

So it is written in the book of human nature: The saviors of the world must ever be martyrs. The death of Christ on the cross for the people he had come to save typifies the temporary crucifixion of public opinion that comes to all who bring to the people the message of some great truth, some clearer revelation of the divine. Truth, right and justice must triumph.

No matter how slight seem results, how dark the outlook, the glorious consummation of the past, the revelation of the future, must come. And Christ lived thirty years, and he had twelve disciples. One denied him, one doubted him, one betrayed him, and the other nine were very human. And in the supreme crisis of his life "they all forsook him and fled," but today—his followers are millions.

Sizing Up Humanity In Epigram

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

Some men will cheat even in solitaire.

One ounce of prevention is worth six pounds of coroner's inquest.

When a man permits a torchlight procession to parade through a powder magazine, it is not courteous for him to refer to the subsequent explosion as "one of the mysterious workings of Providence."

Real success in life means the individual's conquest of himself. The great question is not "What have I?" but "What am I?"

Truth is not a dress suit consecrated to special occasions; it is the strong, well woven, durable homespun for daily living.

Like the blind Sampson struggling in the temple, the individual whose life is based on trickery always pulls down the supporting columns of his own edifice and perishes in the ruins.

He who thinks all mankind is vile is a pessimist who mistakes his introspection for observation.

Profuse expressions of gratitude do not cancel an indebtedness any more than a promissory note settles an account. It is a beginning, not a finality.

The man who lies to save a nickel merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor.

The man who keeps his religion in camphor all week and who takes it out only on Sunday is not true.

Marrying a man for his money means marrying the money and taking the man as a mortgage on the property.

Life is not a competition with others. In its truest sense it is rivalry with ourselves.

Reputation is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality. His character he takes with him.

Poverty has no necessary place in life. It is a disease that results from the weakness, sin and selfishness of humanity. — From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's

CORRECT BREATHING.

How to Inhale and Exhale—Some Good Exercises.

The air in the bottom of many a pair of lungs is like the dead air in an unventilated cellar. A conscious effort must be made to expel the residual air at the base of the lungs for chest expansion, blood purification, radiant health and lasting beauty.

Deep breathing exercises, through the nostrils, never the mouth, should be practiced night and morning, says the New York News. Thorough respiration increases the red corpuscles of the blood and purifies the entire circulatory system.

Thorough respiration frees the lungs of the noxious carbon gas and bodily impurities thrown off in the form of watery vapor of the breath.

At least ten deep inhalations of fresh air should be taken upon or before rising every morning and the same before going to bed every night. These may be taken either in an upright or recumbent position.

If lying down, lie flat upon the back, arms extended, and slowly inhale through the nostrils. Try to fill every cell of the lungs. The abdomen should rise first, then the chest, as the lungs become inflated. After holding the breath a little expel it slowly through the lips. Fill and empty the lungs as thoroughly as possible and try to realize that health, vitality, energy and beauty are in each incoming breath and impurity, weakness and disease are being discarded with every exhalation.

The breath is the life.

How to Clean Tortoise Shell.

Tortoise shell that has become dingy may be cleaned by wiping the article with a soft cloth, then rubbing well with a paste made of rotten stone and sweet oil, next applying jeweler's rouge and finally polishing with a piece of chamois. Treatment like this is not required often if shell pins and combs are polished frequently with chamois.

How to Drive Away Insects.

Rits of raw cotton or wadding saturated with the oil of pennyroyal and placed in corners, on closet shelves and in boxes or drawers will drive away several kinds of objectionable insects, cockroaches, ants, etc., says the Woman's Home Companion. Placed in a saucer in the windows, it will help drive away flies. Saturated pads of the pennyroyal placed between the mattress and around the bed will drive away the plague not given in the list of those with which Egypt was scourged for her sins. For this dread pest another excellent preventive and cure is an application to infested places of equal parts of kerosene and spirits of turpentine. Put the solution in the joints and cracks of the bed, about the surplice and in any other places where the insects have found lodgment and fill all cracks with hard soap that can be so treated. This is an old fashioned and reliable remedy.

How to Make Clean Position.

Chop a pint of clams due and put them over the fire in a porcelain lined saucepan with their liquor. Simmer for five minutes; then add a pint of water, a dash each of mace, paprika and celery salt; strain, pour into cups and put a spoonful of whipped cream upon the surface of each cup of the bouillon.

How to Care For Hard Wood Floors.

Few housekeepers understand how to care for hard wood floors. Simple or elegant, there is but one mode of treatment. Never put a drop of oil of any kind upon them. If soiled, rub them off thoroughly with a flannel cloth wet with turpentine. When dry, apply a preparation of wax. When this is finished and dry, polish them with a cloth or brush made for the purpose until clear and shining, as the quality of the floor will admit. This carefully done will keep a wooden floor in perfect condition.

How to Cure Dismemper.

Sirup of buckthorn will cure dogs of distemper if given in time. Three or four doses should be given daily, and about a teaspoonful at a time. Let the animal sleep near the fire and feed it on hot milk until its appetite comes back.

How to Act in a Sick Room.

Never whisper in an invalid's room. To most people it is intensely irritating. If you want to say anything that is best not for the patient to hear, go into another room to say it. Don't allow household annoyances to be spoken of in the sick room. Only cheerful topics should be discussed. Remember that when a person is lying on his back he is deprived of the protection of his eyelids from the light; therefore blinds and curtains should be adjusted with this fact in view.

How to Brighten Metals.

There is nothing equal to finely sifted coal ashes for brightening metals of all kinds—brass, tin, copper, nickel. Rub over with a damp cloth dipped in the ashes.

How to Freshen Palms.

Wash the leaves of your palms with tepid water containing a few drops of glycerin and a little soapuds. This will open their pores and make them look fresh. Wash both sides of each leaf, the upper side because you like to see it shine, the underside that the plant may breathe, which function is performed by the underside of the leaves.

How to Dry Wet Gloves.

Gloves that have been wet should be allowed to dry in a cool room. When they are dry, the pliability may be restored by massaging them with olive oil.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Gentleman Boar

There was once a wild boar who was dissatisfied with himself because the people so often mistook him for a pig. "I am not a pig, though I do look like one a little bit," he said to himself, "and I do not want people to think that I am a pig. But what am I to do? I can't run around all the time crying, 'I'm no pig; I'm a boar!'"

"I know just what I'll do," said he. "I'll dress myself up and be a gentleman, and then people will not only call me a pig, but they will see that I am a fine fellow."

So away he went to a hat store and bought himself a black hat, and at the tobacco shop he bought a pipe and a bag of tobacco. He put on his hat, and he stuck the pipe in his mouth, and just as proud as a peacock, he sat down on a corner and waited for people to come along and admire him.

But they came without admiring him. "What on earth is that thing?" they asked as they passed. And, astranga to say, nobody answered that that was a



HE SAT DOWN ON A CORNER.

gentleman. Most of them said that he was a hog, and the others said he had no sense. So, after awhile, Mr. Wild Boar's grin turned to a pout, and finally he grew as mad as ever he could get.

But the worst came when the little animals gathered at a safe distance and laughed at him and threw stones over his way. The boar could endure it no longer. He slipped away into the woods, threw his tobacco in the creek and smashed his pipe into a thousand pieces on a great big stone. Then he put a heavy stone in his hat and sank it to the bottom of the spring.

"I'll never try such a foolish trick as that again," he wisely said.

Moral.—Fine clothes and tobacco smoke don't make the gentleman.—Chicago Tribune.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Rooster's Golf Ball

Roosters are, as a rule, very sensible fellows, but they sometimes make mistakes just as we all do. Now, John Rooster was considered a real smart young man, and all the little chickens had him pointed out to them as an excellent model for them to mold their lives by. But John was not without error.

Among other things, he was very fond of golf, a game all of you young folks have heard of, but I doubt if many of you have played. On one certain day not long ago he was unlucky enough to lose all his golf balls by driving them into a wide swamp, from which it was impossible for him to recover them without getting stuck in the mire himself.

So John started for his home feeling rather bad that his sport had been interrupted in this manner. On the way he came to a little clump of bushes, and, peering down behind it, he saw a nice white egg.

"Isn't that a pretty egg?" John asked himself. "Why should that not make a good golf ball?"

The idea seemed to him to be a good one, so he took the egg out of the



HE AIMED HIS GOLF STICK AT IT.

bushes and put it on a little knoll and aimed his golf stick at it. Then he brought the stick down with a crash, and of course you know what happened. The eggshell was broken into a thousand pieces and the contents were spilled all over the ground.

While John was gazing sorrowfully at the result of his foolishness along came a half dozen motherly old hens.

"What have you done?" they cried in amazement. "Have you dared to break one of our beautiful eggs and waste it in this manner?"

And, without waiting for an answer, they pitched into him and pecked and pecked him until he had hardly a feather left.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



Young People

A DEVOTED MOTHER.

If I had a little sick dolly,
I know what I should do;
I would tend it with care, and give it fresh
air,
And go to the doctor's too.
And then if the doctor should find me
Some candy from the shelf,
And dolly said, "Oh, I can't take them—
no!"
I'd scold her then all myself.
For you know, of course, I could never use
force,
No I'd swallow them all myself.
Yes, I'm a careful young mother.
When dolly is sick and weak
I forced them to walk, I don't let them talk,
Nor even permit them to speak.
In winter I gave them a straw ride,
Well wrapped up in each little cot.
And smiling to see with what vigor and
glee
I am skipping and singing myself.
The pincheeth and good and what mother
should.
Do the skipping and singing herself.
—Bittern Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

WATCHING THE HERRING.

There Certainly Are the Quickest of
Fish in These Districts of Cold
and Cloudy Weather.

I had been watching the herring for
an hour or more as they struggled
through the sluice to the dam. The
fall of the water over the gates was
usually heavy that day, as was also
the run of herring. For a week they
had been struggling in from the sea
but today they poured in by thousands.
The stream was clogged.
Something — their increased num-
bers and greater rivalry, perhaps — had



GOING UP THE STREAM

noticeably excited the fish. They
seemed electric with it. Perhaps this
school had been delayed by the cold
April weather, and now must reach
the pond to lay their eggs and were
in a hurry. Whatever the cause they
certainly seemed to be in a hurry, for
I had never seen them scramble over
the shoals and over one another in
quite this rush before.

The unusual excitement was less
manifest in their mad rush upstream
than in their still madder rush at the
falls. On any running day a few of
the stronger, bolder fish, finding their
way barred by a four-foot dam, try
to climb over through the down-pour-
ing sheet of water. The vast majority,
however — not unlike, I suppose, the

majority of men — coming to the im-
possible barrier, stop in the easy pen
built for them beneath the falls, and
are content to be scummed out, for pick-
ling and fish-bait, most of them, though
a few are carried up in barrels to the
spawning ponds.

But today it was different. Instead
of the usual few there were many
fighting to get over. I had watched
them then and time again, but had
never seen one pass the four feet of
sheer falling water. In Wild Life Near
Home, I have described how they would
dart through the foam into the great
sheet of water, strike it like an arrow,
rise straight up through it, hang an
instant in mid-air, and be hurled back
and killed, often, on the rocks beneath.

Today I felt a new thrill as I watched
them. Something of the evident ex-
citement among the fish possessed me.
I somehow knew that, as the horre-
men put it: "The track was faster to-
day" — that the swimmers were on
their mettle, that a record would be
broken.

The falls were all a flash and a glit-
ter with the falling fishes. Not only
was there a great number in the con-
text; there was also a much higher
average jump than usual. Over and
over again one would get within half
a foot of the lip of the gate.

Soon I noticed that it seemed to be
a certain fish that made this highest
mark. I followed her as she fell back,
and, though it was impossible through
the foam and thick rush of other forms
to keep her in sight, yet I am sure
that each time she rose it was with
peculiar bound showing a particularly
long, lithe body. And each time she
fell, peculiar good luck attended, or
else it was that her superior sense and
training served her, for each time she
leaped just between or just beyond
the rocks.

Again she flashed through the foam
and hung, fixed like a silver arrow in
the dark water just below the edge.
Again she fell. I was excited. Flash!
flash! flash! a score of the shining
ones shot into the falls, when over
them, above them, flashed the long,
lithe form of the winner, striking one
of the weaker rivals beneath her just
as she reached her highest mark, and
bounding sideways from her, glanced
over the dam and was gone.

The record was broken, and within
five minutes, by the same curious hap,
another turned her silver side over the
great hurdle and dived into the quiet
pool beyond.

It is a rather paradoxical state of
things that creatures like these fish
hate cloudy, cold weather and rain
and will not leave the ocean willingly
for the shallow fresh waters unless
the sun shines and the wind blows and
the temperature is to their liking.
There is some reason for the chicken's
staying in when it rains; but what
need has herrings of umbrellas? —
Dallas Love Sharp, in St. Nicholas.

Naturally.
The Student That fellow has his
work cut out for him.

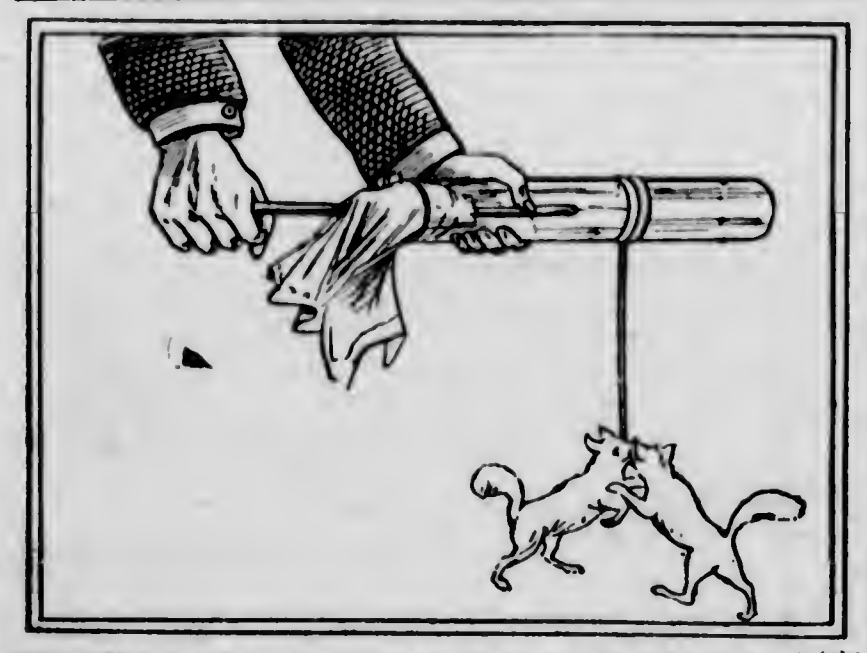
The College Man What fellow?
The Student—My taller, Harvard
Latinop.

They Do Them Brown.
"What do men do when they get in
the legislature, pop?"
"Why, they do corporations, my
son." — Yonkers Statesman.

A Happy Faculty.
Young Tutor (to hostess)—I have
had a very pleasant evening. But then
I always manage to enjoy myself, no
matter where I am. — Life.

Why a Waterfall Roars.
The roar of a waterfall is produced
almost entirely by the bursting of
millions of air bubbles.

ELECTRIFIED LAMP CHIMNEY



A VERY simple but beautiful experiment may be made by any bright
boy with a straight lamp chimney, the kind used with the Argand
or the Welch gaslight. First cut a narrow strip of tin-foil and
paste it around the chimney, in the middle. Then paste a strip of the same
from one end of the chimney to within about half an inch of the band in
the middle.

Now take a bristle brush, the kind made to clean lamp chimneys with,
and over its bristles wrap a perfectly dry silk handkerchief. Hold the
chimney in your left hand so that your fingers do not touch the tin-foil
anywhere, and putting the silk-covered brush into the chimney, rub it
briskly back and forth.

This part of the experiment should be made in the dark, and if, while
rubbing the chimney, you take the brush out now and then, you will see,
every time you do so, a big spark of electricity jump from one piece of tin-
foil to the other. In other words, the friction made by the rubbing has
turned the lamp chimney into an electrical machine.

Another pretty experiment, says the Brooklyn Eagle, may be made
with this little device. Wrap a piece of iron or brass wire around the
middle band of tin-foil, letting one end hang down five or six inches.
To this end attach several strips of cigarette paper in a bunch. Now put
the brush into the chimney at the opposite end to that used at first and
rub it briskly. The electricity thus generated will go into the strips of
paper, and make them stand out from each other as if they were alive and
struggling to get as far apart as possible.

If the paper be cut out to form two ants, the result will be very inter-
esting and amusing.
These experiments are best made in perfectly dry weather, and it is
well, also, to warm both chimney and handkerchief at the fire.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

GRAY HADDIX MISSING.

He Disappeared From Jackson After
Threats of Assassination.

Jackson, Ky., June 27.—Gray Haddix, who is the principal witness
against Ed Tharp and Joe Crawford,
charged with burning Ewen's hotel
here, just after Ewen had testified
against Tharp and White, charged with
the assassination of J. H. Marcan, it
was reported Friday morning, is miss-
ing. Haddix has been under guard for
a part of the time since the arrest of
Crawford and Tharp. He was attacked
once by two of the Hargis henchmen
on the bridge, and they were sent to
jail for assault with a pistol. Later he
reported an attempt to burn his house
down. A few days ago he told a sol-
dier that he had been threatened with
assassination if he testified against
Crawford and Tharp before the special
grand jury to be called here on July
29 to investigate the charges of arson
and bribery. The town was quiet
Thursday night.

Mrs. Ewen has rented a house and
will attempt to carry out the contracts
of her husband with the Hargises.
The men they employed were turned
out by people boarding them for fear
of the Hargises, and now she says the
men refuse to work on the contract,
and she may not be able to complete
it, after all.

THE SECOND REGIMENT.

The Balance of the Companies Will Be
Called to Jackson.

Frankfort, Ky., June 30.—Gov. Beck-
ham has determined to take advantage
of the necessity for keeping state
troops at Jackson, Breathitt county,
by making that place the scene of the
annual camp of instruction for all sol-
diers of the Second regiment of the
Kentucky guards.

This will relieve the state consid-
erably, as the camp of instruction is
especially necessary this year in ad-
vance of the combined maneuvers with
the regular soldiers of the department
of the lakes, which is to be held in this
state in October next.

The companies at Lexington, Dan-
ville and Shelbyville and the batteries
at Louisville have already had camp
experience at Jackson, and the other
companies of the Second will be called
there during July or dates to be fixed
by Adj. Gen. Murray.

The soldiers of the Third regiment
will be camped somewhere in Western
Kentucky for ten days in August, after
the special court at Jackson closes.

EVENING CHURCH SERVICES.

For the First Time in Months They
Were Held in Jackson, Ky.

Jackson, Ky., June 29.—For the first
time in many months evening church
services were held Sunday night, prior
to this time the citizens being afraid
to leave their homes after dark. Tom
Tharp, who introduced the usual Sat-
urday night shooting carnival, was
arrested by provost guards after a
two-mile chase over the mountains.
This incident had a quieting effect Sat-
urday night and Sunday. A feeling of
security is returning to citizens and
every arrest strengthens this. Joe
Crawford and Ed Tharp, the men ac-
cused of burning Ewen's hotel, were
released on \$1,000 bail bonds and will
return to work for Judge Hargis. Jack
and Leimad Howard and Jeff Tharp are
under their surety. Their cases will be
taken up by the special grand jury July
29.

FIRST TIME IN MANY WEEKS.

Judge Hargis Held Court in Jackson,
Ky., Monday.

Jackson, Ky., June 30.—For the first
time in many weeks County Judge
Hargis Monday held court. Deputy
Sheriff Doug Hays, one of the deputies
under Callahan, arrested Joe Palmer
and Sandy O'Connor Sunday for dis-
turbance public worship in the county,
two miles from here, and Judge Har-
gis fined them \$20 and costs each.
Police Judge Cardwell held court
again Monday, and had before him
Tom Tharp on a charge of discharg-
ing firearms in the city limits. Tharp
was fined \$20 and costs also.

Mrs. O'Brien's Petition.

Lexington, Ky., June 27.—Mrs. E. C.
O'Brien, of Memphis, mother of Claude
O'Brien, the condemned murderer of
A. B. Chinn, who has been circulating a
petition in behalf of her wayward
son, has succeeded in getting 39 names
of Lexington business men signed to
the petition.

Sold Examination Questions.

Greenville, Ky., June 28.—Frank Ben-
nett, Jr., was arrested upon a warrant
sworn out by County Superintendent
Jas. M. Lital, charging him with sell-
ing the school examination questions.
Bennett pleaded guilty and was fined
heavily and his certificate revoked.

Gamecock Cost His Life.

Frankfort, Ky., June 29.—John
Thomas, a Negro boy, was drowned in
the Kentucky river here Sunday af-
ternoon. His companions dared him to
swim to a certain place and he re-
plied: "I can't swim much, but I will
do it or drown."

Bride Only 14 Years Old.

Paducah, Ky., June 27.—J. C. New-
hill, aged 34, and Miss Katie Smith,
aged 14 years, were married here.
Miss Smith is one of the youngest per-
sons who ever secured a marriage li-
cense in McCracken county.

THE FEUDISTS FIGHT.

One Is Dead and Two Others Badly
Wounded.

Jackson, Ky., June 29.—News reach-
ed here Sunday night of a fight in the
edge of Breathitt county, near Daisy
Ford, between the Hargises and the
Hargises, in which Hiram Barnett was
killed and John Henry Hacker and Joe
Hacker were wounded.

The trouble grew out of the Hargis-
Cardwell feud here and was over Miss
Lella Burns, the pretty daughter of
Joseph Burns and a niece of Hiram
Elizpatrick, the Magoffin county man,
who hung the jury in the murder trial
of Curtis Jett and Tom White here last
week. The men involved all live in
Magoffin county, but the trouble oc-
curred in this county.

The men had met on Saturday night
at the home of Miss Burns, and one of
them told her that John Henry Hacker
with whom she was greatly in love
had said her uncle, Burns Elizpatrick
came back to Magoffin county with a
five life after he had hung the jury in
Jackson.

Hacker became furious, and in a few
minutes the young men repaired to the
front porch, and in all there were
about a dozen shots fired with the
above result.

THE PARDON RECORDS.

Fetion of the Commercial Club Press
Company Answered.

Frankfort, Ky., June 30.—Gov. Beck-
ham and Secretary of State Hill Mon-
day afternoon, by counsel, answered
the petition of the Commercial Press
Co., of Louisville, and George Riley,
its correspondent here, for a man-
damus requiring that Riley be shown
the pardon records of the department.
Riley, it will be recalled, was ejected
from the state department by Gov.
Beckham on June 9, last.

The answers are to the effect that
Riley is not "reliable," that he was not
"forcibly" ejected, and that the records
have been open every day to the Com-
mercial Press Co., and that it now
duly takes advantage of it by sending a
"reliable" man to inspect them. The
governor also demurs to the petition
for the reason that he is not custodian
of the state department records.

RUN DOWN BY A TRAIN.

Riley Brock, Husband of Former Wife
of Gen. C. M. Clay, Killed.

Versailles, Ky., June 30.—News has
been received here that Riley Brock,
aged 33, was killed by a train near
Longview, Ill. He was the husband of
Dora Clay, the young country girl
whose brief wedded life with Gen.
Casius M. Clay lightened the burden
of age on the "Sage of Whitehall's"
shoulders and formed one of the most
romantic incidents in the venerable
Kentuckian's life. Brock, a sawmill
hand, married her, after she had sepa-
rated from Clay. That Clay still had
affection for his former girl wife is
shown by the fact that he gave her
a number of valuable articles and be-
lievements.

SMACKED LIPS IN THE TUNNEL.

Mrs. Ella M. Barber Sues the Louis-
ville & Nashville For Damages.

Lexington, Ky., June 27.—Mrs. Ella
M. Barber filed suit Friday against
the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co.
for \$500 damages. She alleges that
she was ignited by male passengers
on one of the company's trains while
riding from Louisville to this city on
Sunday, April 23 last. She states that
she was the only lady in the coach
and that while going through a tunnel
the men smacked their lips as if kiss-
ing some one, called to another up and
down the car. "Quit your kissing, will
you?" and made other remarks, to her
shame and mortification.

Missed Rat and Hit Girl.

Owingsville, Ky., June 27.—On the
Ragland old field Paul Clifton, a mer-
chant, was firing at rats with a pistol
when a ball went through the wall of
the store, glanced on a rock and struck
Mary Gibbs, aged 10 years, in the left
side of the head, penetrating about two
inches. She is fatally hurt.

War On Slot Machines at Lexington.

Lexington, Ky., June 30.—The Fay-
ette county grand jury, which has
been in session all month, returned a
hatch of indictments to the court and
had its time extended for another
week. More than 100 saloon prop-
rietors have been indicted for operating
slot machines.

Hurt in a Railway Wreck.

Burgin, Ky., June 30.—A signal box
light went out, causing a collision here
between two sections of a Southern
freight train. Fireman W. H. Morris,
of Paris, Ky., was probably fatally in-
jured.

Creighton After Horses.

Lexington, Ky., June 29.—Col. John
D. Creighton, the noted horseman of
Omaha, Neb., and proprietor of Or-
chard Park farm, this city, arrived
here from the west and is now select-
ing his racing string, which he pro-
poses to ship in a few days.

An Honor For William T. Cole.

Greenville, Ky., June 30.—William T.
Cole, the only democratic lawyer in
town, has had the degree of LL.D.
conferred upon him by the Nashville
university of law. He is a graduate
from Vanderbilt university.

Necessary Expenses for
Twelve Weeks' School.

Persons who board themselves can spend a
much of little as they choose on living expenses.
It pays to have a little extra money for food,
books, and other things. But the necessary
expenses are only as follows:

	HOWARD	LADIES
School (Incidental Fee)	1.50	1.50
Laundry	1.50	1.50
Ex. Hospital Fee	2.25	2.25
Ex. (Books, etc., absent)	2.00	2.00
General Hospital	1.00	1.00
Furnish Room, fuel	4.25	5.25
First Month's Board	5.00	5.00
Living Ex. per day	17.00	18.00
To pay during the term		
Beginning 2d Mo. Board	5.00	5.00
Beginning 3d Mo. Board	5.00	5.00
Gen'l Deposit returned	28.50	29.50
	1.00	1.00
Total Expense, 12 Weeks	27.50	27.00

For those below: A tithe of the \$2 to
books, and \$1 from incidental fee, making the
total only \$24.50.

When four girls room together each saves \$2.00
more on room and fuel making the total, only
\$22.50, if saved below A Grammar.

Room and fuel cost one dollar more in the
winter term.

Two rooms for housekeeping, with stove, etc.,
can usually be rented for from \$4 to \$6 a term.

The price of a big suit, a little tuck mark,
or a few home-spun best-covers, will give a
term of school which will change one's
whole life for the better!

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when in Richmond at

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LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE
RAILROAD.

Time Table in Effect May 24, 1903

Going North. Train 4, Daily.
Leave Berea 3:20 p.m.
Arrive Richmond 3:52 a.m.
Arrive Paris 5:05 a.m.
Arrive Cincinnati 7:30 p.m.

Going South. Train 5, Daily.
Leave Berea 12:55 p.m.
Arrive Richmond 1:45 p.m.
Arrive Paris 3:18 p.m.
Arrive Cincinnati 6:00 p.m.

Going North. Train 6, Daily.
Leave Berea 11:11 p.m.
Arrive Livingston 2:05 p.m.

Going South. Train 7, Daily.
Leave Berea 11:24 p.m.
Arrive Livingston 12:30 a.m.

Trains No. 1 and No. 5 make con-
nection at Livingston for Jellico and
the South with No. 24 and No. 27.

J. W. Stephens, Ticket Agent.

FREE TRIPS TO ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.
ALL EXPENSES OF THE 120 MOST POPULAR SCHOOL
TEACHERS IN THE STATE PAID.



School children and public
generally are invited to vote to
determine the most popular
teacher in every county. Votes
costs each, ten cents. One
cent for each vote. Over and
above trip expenses of teach-
ers to go into erection of the
Kentucky Building at the Ex-
position. Every voter thus
gives the satisfaction of
knowing a worthy cause and
important object have been
aided, at the same time a
favorite teacher has received
recognition. Contest con-
ducted under auspices of
Educational Exhibit Com-
mittee of Kentucky Exhibit
Association, the organization
formed to raise money for a
Kentucky Building and full
display of the State's pro-
ducts and resources at the
fair, the Lexington having
failed to make an appropria-
tion. Every educator in the
state, whether teacher in pub-
lic or private schools, or
member of faculty of academy, college or university, medical, dental or theological institution,
habilitated or college-dominational school, is eligible to election. Members of the Educational
Exhibit committee also eligible.

Names of all school children voting to be enrolled in the Kentucky Building at the Ex-
position. The Exposition is to be the greatest international event in the world's history.
The 120 teachers chosen will be lucky indeed in being invited on this trip to the fair. Every
county elects its own most popular educator. The county outside of Jefferson casting the
number of votes will be allowed to send two teachers—the most popular and the second most
popular.

THE VOTES WILL BE TEN CENTS EACH, TEN CONSTITUTING A BALLOT.
At ten cents each every school child in the State will be able to cast at least one vote for his
or her

Interesting Bits of News

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

Miss Grace Clark spent the week in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Ruth Todd returned here from Oberlin last Thursday.

The public schools of Berea will open Monday, July 13, at 8 o'clock A. M.

Miss Clyde Shepherd, of Celina, O., is spending the week with her friend Mrs. C. L. Hanson.

Mrs. C. C. Rhodes returned Sunday from a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Hamilton.

Mrs. Marsh and two small children left Monday for Knoxville to join Prof. Marsh. They will remain five weeks.

Walter Robe went yesterday to Peoples, Ohio, to spend a week with his brother, Dr. O. W. Robe.

Mrs. S. L. Long, Mrs. W. G. Frost and Mrs. J. J. Brannaman were guests at J. C. Armstrong's near Kingston on Friday.

Helen Kneeland and Fannie Dowden went Monday for a two weeks' visit with their friend Nannie Ames near Kingston.

Mrs. G. T. Spencer is making an extended visit with Mr. Spencer's parents at Halloway, Hastings county, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. H. M. Jones is in Knoxville this week, where she will lecture in connection with the summer school of the University of Tennessee.

Coley L. Ogg, the photographer, lost a black coat Tuesday on the Berea and Paint Lick pike. The finder will please return to him or this office.

Mrs. L. M. Pettus was called to Oak Orchard last Thursday on account of the sickness of her mother. She returned Sunday, leaving her mother much improved.

Prof. J. W. Dinsmore will occupy the pulpit at the Union church Sunday morning. The communion service will be postponed one week, when President Frost will preach.

Prof. L. V. Dodge went Tuesday to Lexington, where he will attend the seventeenth annual session of the Kentucky Chautauqua. President and Mrs. Frost will also occupy a tent there.

On last Friday morning for the first time black smoke began to pour from the high chimney of the Men's Industrial building, causing Berea to take on more of the aspect of a manufacturing center.

John Kirkpatrick, of Oak Park, Ill., and his cousin, John Barton, of Lancaster, Garrard county, Ky., were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Dodge Sunday evening. Mr. Barton was formerly a student here.

Prof. A. S. Hill, formerly a resident here and a teacher in the College, was a visitor here for a few days this week. Prof. Hill is now editor of the *Whitley News* as well as the Principal of Williamsburg Academy.

The young people of the Union church gave Dr. and Mrs. Burgess a farewell social at the home of Prof. Jones last Friday evening. Dr. Burgess and family leave to day for their old home at Foster, Rhode Island, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends.

The Union church has extended a call to Rev. A. E. Thompson, of Lorain, Ohio, to become its pastor, and it is probable that he will accept. Rev. Thompson endeared himself to the congregation and community during the series of evangelistic services in which he assisted two years ago last winter.

Next Sunday at the Baptist church: a. m. "How to be Happy," p. m. Confessing Christ." The Lord's Supper will be administered at the morning service. The regular monthly business meeting to-night at 7:30. The first lesson in the Bible Class conducted by the pastor, Saturday evening 7:30, and song practice immediately after.

Mrs. Cornelius, wife of Dr. P. Cornelius, died last Friday morning after a lingering illness of some weeks. The funeral services were held at the home at 2:30 P. M. of the same day, conducted by Rev. H. J. Dorthick and Dr. G. A. Burgess. Interment in the Berea cemetery followed. The deceased leaves her husband and two children, Grace and Bert, to mourn her loss.

RESOLUTIONS

By the First Church of Christ, Berea.

WHEREAS, the Rev. G. A. Burgess, D. D., for the past two and a half years Pastor of this Church, feels impelled to offer his resignation, in order to look after the interests of aged parents in his native New England—

Therefore, we reluctantly accept his resignation, deeply regretting the departure of himself and his estimable wife. As Pastor, he has been earnest and faithful in proclaiming the truth, spiritual-minded in conducting the devotional exercises of church and prayer circle, courteous and genial in all relations, generous in gift, self-sacrificing in service, sympathetic in personal ministrations, a friend of all who were in need, and the soul of honor on all occasions.

During his pastorate the Church, assisted by evangelists, has enjoyed three great revivals, which have largely increased its membership and influence, and has erected a new house of worship. He has quickly won the respect and esteem of the entire community; and in his departure he and his wife will be followed by the love and prayers of the church which he has so efficiently served.

Com. for Church (L. V. Dodge, T. J. Osborne, Wm. G. Frost.

GLADE CONVENTION.

The program is being printed for the Glade District Sunday-school convention to be held at Wallacetown on Saturday, the 11th inst. It bids fair to have the greatest variety of speakers and exercises of any district convention ever held in the county. It will give a great impetus to the Sunday-school work. All interested in the noble cause are urged to give the day to this gathering and to be there by 9:30. If all families in the Glade District will bring lunches, it will be light on the people of the neighborhood. Simplicity in dinner arrangements is suggested.

College Items

HERE AND THERE

Mr. Terrill Jasper, after spending some time in canvassing, is now working on a farm near Mintonville, Ky.

Miss Isabella Williams is spending her vacation in Hinsdale, Ill. She expects to be in school again next winter.

Bristol Taylor will teach school at Hemlock, Knott county, this summer and fall. He left for that place last Thursday.

President Frost delivered two addresses at the meeting of the Southern Educational convention at Knoxville last week.

Tutor C. D. Lewis is attending the summer school of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, and will be joined by Mrs. Lewis soon.

Miss Rose McFarren, who has been taking the course for trained nurses, went to her home at Pine Hill Friday where she will teach her first school, returning to Berea next winter.

Ralph Field, who took the course in Forestry here two years ago and who has since been employed in that department by the U. S. government, has been ordered to South America, and is already on his way.

Mrs. M. S. Owens, who has been installed as superintendent of the Hospital, although a Southern woman, received her training at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago. She has already made a host of friends here.

Mr. W. H. Badger, graduate of Berea 1896, with his wife, who was also a student in Berea, after teaching a year in the Philippine Islands, died there. Mrs. Badger is now at Barracks B, Malinta, P. I., where she is teaching.

At the field day exercises held Friday, June 19, during the students conference at Asheville, N. C., where 85 colleges were represented, Paul Dorthick took first in the half mile run and third in the 440 yd. dash. Those were the only honors taken by Kentucky except a second in the shotput by Edmunds, of Central University, though twelve colleges of the State were represented.

Neighborhood Happenings

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

ROCKFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stephens and John and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rich were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCollum Sunday.—Wheat harvesting is about over in this locality.

—Misses May, Reedy, Bertie and Bernice Todd were the guests of Misses Bessie and Nora Linville Saturday night.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ogg and children, of Walnut Meadow, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Martin Sunday.—L. L. Martin and wife visited Squire J. M. Reynolds Saturday night.—J. Todd is on the sick list this week.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stephens visited on Davis Branch Sunday.

—Miss Ray Alman visited Miss Vergie Martin Saturday and Sunday.—Squire J. M. Reynolds, who has been sick, is slowly improving.—Mrs. Maggie Lawwell and children, of Orlando, is visiting relatives on Clear Creek.—Rev. J. W. Lambert filled his appointment at Macedonia Saturday and Sunday.—Your correspondent visited Mrs. J. J. Martin Saturday.

McCRACKEN.

Crops are looking very well in this neighborhood considering the weather.—Sherman Chasteen and Charles Scott, of this place, received first grade certificates in the June examination.—"Uncle Will" Chasteen is remodeling his house.—Willis Chasteen called on his best girl last Sunday.

MADISON COUNTY.

WALLACETOWN.

On account of the correspondent being absent, there has been no Wallacetown news for a few weeks.—Mrs. Joe Wallace is very ill at this writing.—Mr. Milton Baker and family, of Ohio, have been visiting Mr. Baker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Baker.—Mrs. Edith Elkin and niece Lillie Elkin, of Glade, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Elkin Sunday week.—Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Baker visited friends and relatives in Mt. Vernon Saturday and Sunday of last week.—Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl in their home.—Miss Fannie and Jennie Todd visited friends at Cynthia last week.—Mr. and Mrs. Lon Stone have moved to the Al. Moberly place.

VALLEY VIEW.

Dr. Sanford, of Cincinnati, is here with his big show this week, and is drawing large crowds every night.—Mrs. Howe, the old lady, who has been in poor health for some time, is dead. She leaves a husband, besides grown children and many friends to mourn her death.—John Clark and son June went to Lexington on business Monday.—Katie Herald has gone to the mountains in the hopes of regaining her health.—A new pike is being built out of Valley View, extending one mile toward the mouth of Silver Creek.—Rev. Combs, a Christian preacher, began meetings here Monday night. We hope he will meet with good success.—Mat Lamb and two sons, Tom and Green, are working on the lock at this place.

MASON COUNTY.

MAYSVILLE.

Mrs. Anna Whaley and Misses Nannie Wood and Frankie Whaley with George Hinton have returned from Wilberforce, Ohio.—Miss S. Dunks, of E. Fifth Street, died Sunday morning of consumption. Her funeral was held at the Plymouth church.—Mr. James Mundy, of the East End, is indisposed at this writing.—Revs. O. A. Nelson, R. H. Porter and wife and Mrs. Hattie Anderson and Miss Frances Strawder attended the Sunday-school convention held at Lexington during the past week, and report one of the most successful sessions ever held. Its next session will be held with the Plymouth Baptist church of this city.—Mrs. L. Henderson spent Sunday at Orangelburg with friends.

GARRARD COUNTY.

CARTERSVILLE.

We are having fine growing weather at present.—Farmers are very busy stacking their wheat. It proves to be very good in this neighborhood.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hammack visited their children at Paint Lick Tuesday.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wells and children, also Mrs. E. L. Koehler and children, of East Bernstadt, visited Mrs. Fannie Koehler several days last week.—Mrs. Mary Koehler and

children, Mrs. Tom Green and Mrs. Mary Hammack spent Thursday with Mrs. J. C. Napier.—Griggs & Hammack, of Paint Lick sold, John Wells a nice family surrey for \$85. They are selling their big lot of huggies very fast.—Preaching at Leavel Green second and third Sundays.—There is talk of protracted meeting commencing first Saturday in August.

JACKSON COUNTY.

A. H. Williams, a prominent merchant, of Albion, is back from Winchester, Ky., and reports a pleasant visit.—The teachers' examination held at McKee June 19 and 20 resulted as follows: five first class; nine seconds; two thirds and two failures.—The teachers, of this county, will please remember the time of our institute, July 10.—A. B. Rose, one of our most prominent farmers, is building a very nice dwelling house. Mr. Rose is setting a good example for his neighbors.—Patrons, get your boys and girls ready for school July 13, as that is the time your schools will begin.—The recent rains are making the farmers wear a broad smile.—Sunday-schools are very scarce in this county at this time. It is hoped that every teacher will conduct a Sunday-school at his schoolhouse this fall.

FUN AND FACTS.

Horses and cattle are included in the ordinance of the stock laws of the town of Berea. Tom Baker and E. Moran have been appointed deputy stock marshals.

W. J. TATUM, Town Marshal.

For Sale.

A house and lot situated on Big Hill pike in Berea, Ky. For price and further information write to Mrs. BETTIE JONES, 301 North B. Street, Hamilton O.

This office is in receipt of the latest time table folder of the Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis Railway (Henderson Route). The folder is an especially neat and attractive as well as complete edition. The Henderson Route is the St. Louis World's Fair line for 1901. L. J. Irwin, Louisville, Ky., is the general passenger agent and will answer any letter inquiry concerning this line.

"Strength and vigor come of good food, duly digested. 'Force,' a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates."

WANTED—Young Men to prepare for Government Positions. Fine Openings in all Departments. Good Salaries. Rapid Promotion. Examinations soon. Particulars free.

Inter-State Cor. Inst., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Clean old newspapers, for a package at the CITIZEN office.

Card of Thanks.

At its June meeting Capt James West Post, G. A. R. passed a vote of thanks to the College, the College band, the choral classes, and the citizens who contributed so largely to the pleasure of the old soldiers, on Memorial and Decoration days.

W. H. Rone, Adjutant.

A GREAT OFFER.

Daily Louisville Times, Weekly Courier-Journal, and The Citizen Six Months for \$1.50.

By special arrangements we will send THE CITIZEN and Weekly Courier-Journal and Daily Louisville Times, all three, for six months to the same or separate addresses for only \$1.50. The price of the Louisville Times alone for six months is \$3.00, thus giving you three papers for half the price of one. This offer is for a limited time only and is made to old as well as new subscribers of THE CITIZEN. If you are an old subscriber we will give you credit for 50c on your subscription. Address all orders, with \$1.50 inclosed, to THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

JAMES W. RACER, Editor.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of B. C. Richardson are hereby notified to file same with me properly verified for payment on or before August 25, 1901, at the Berea Banking Company's Bank in Berea, Ky., or same will be barred.—W. H. PORTER, Admr. De bonis non; B. C. RICHARDSON, Estate.

This space has been purchased by
The Students Job Print—
Printers of The Citizen.

Jim Dumps' physician once felt ill. Said he: "I'll have no draught or pill." Said Jim: "Ho, ho, you're on the shelf. You who cure others, cure yourself." Then Jim sent up some "Force" to him. "That's what he needs," quoth "Sunny Jim."

"Force"
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
for doctor and patient.

Has Eaten Three Cases.
"I was attacked last May by appendicitis. As I showed signs of recovery doctor and I began to eat around for a suitable diet and as a result we fell upon 'Force,' which has been a wonderful boon to me. I have eaten almost three cases. H. H. MILLER."



WAIT FOR THE WAGON

Did you spend your childhood in the country?

The engineer with his hand on the throttle of the Empire Express. The admiral on the quarter deck of a war ship, King Edward on the throne, may glow with pride and pleasure, but their feelings are tame in comparison with the unmitigated delight that thrills the small boy, who is permitted unassisted to climb the wheel and perch on the seat of a STUDEBAKER WAGON. I am proud to sell it.

S. E. WELCH, JR.

J. J. Brannaman

Well selected stock of

Groceries, Dry Goods and Notions,
Men's and Women's Shoes and Rubbers.
Prices right. Agent for Naven Laundry.

Accidents Happen Daily!



To Mechanics
in all Branches
of Business.

Paracamph
FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

Is a quick RELIEF and guaranteed CURE for Burns, Cuts, Bruises and all Inflammations. It relieves at once by drawing out the Inflammation, Cooling, Soothing and Healing the injured parts.

Every man, whether employed in Office, Shop or Factory should always keep a bottle of PARACAMPH close at hand. It saves Time, Trouble and Pain. Remember, if you are not satisfied after using Paracamph, your money will be refunded.

SOLD ONLY IN 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 BOTTLES. AT ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS.

For sale by S. E. WELCH, Druggist